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THE ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

TWELFTH NIGHT

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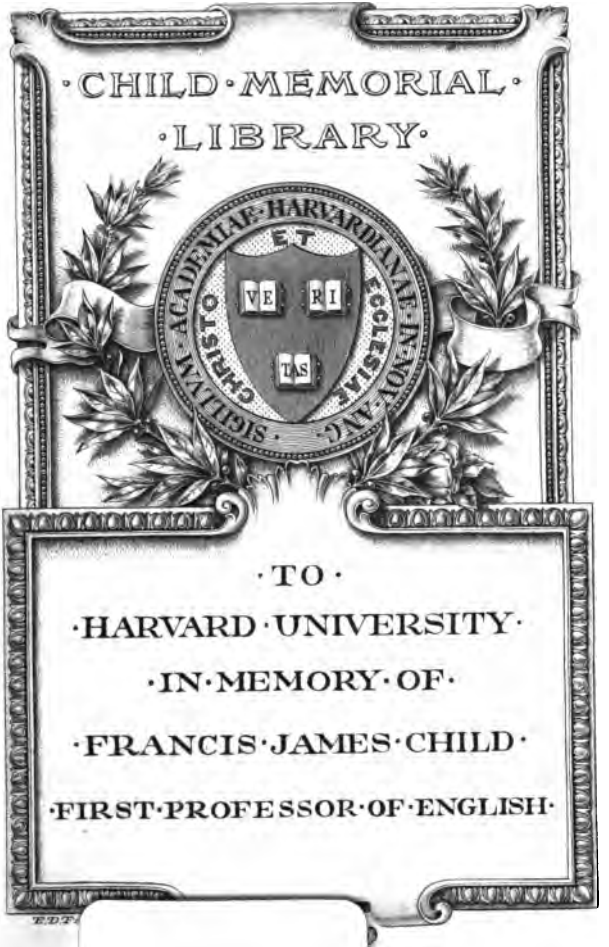

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Heath's English Classics

William Shakespeare

TWELFTH NIGHT

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

EDITED BY

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BOSTON, U. S. A.
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26 March, 1900
Harvard University,
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GENERAL PREFACE.

In this edition of SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Aesthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play or plays that have been intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest, which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition: the only omissions made are those that are unavoidable in an edition likely to be used by young students.

By the systematic arrangement of the introductory matter, and by close attention to typographical details, every effort has been made to provide an edition that will prove convenient in use.

BOSTON, *August*, 1895.

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INTRODUCTION.

1. LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The earliest known edition of *Twelfth Night* is that of the *First Folio*, 1623, in which the plays of Shakespeare were for the first time collected. Many of them had been previously published in *Quarto* editions which are still extant; but there is no Quarto of *Twelfth Night*. We have no knowledge of the text on which this edition was based; but there are very few passages which bear distinct marks of being corrupt, and not many in which emendations occur preferable to the existing text. The Text.

The means of settling the date at which a play was actually written are to be found (1) in the *external* evidence, *i.e.* references to it in contemporary writers; (2) in the internal evidence: (α) phrases in the play which point to contemporary events or writings, and (β) characteristics of construction, versification, or thought which mark a particular stage in the author's development. Evidences of Date.

(1.) The *Palladis Tamia* of Meres, published in Feb. 1602, contains a list of Shakespeare's works up to that time. In this list *Twelfth Night* is not included, so that it was almost certainly unknown to Meres. We may therefore be sure that it had not been acted before the close of 1601. External: Meres.

The diary of John Manningham, a barrister, which covers the period from Jan. 1602[1] to April 1603, relates that he saw the play of "Twelue Night or What You Will" performed on Feb. 2, 1602. The extract runs as follows:— Manningham.

"At our feast wee had a play called Twelue night or what

[1] According to the modern method of reckoning the year as beginning on Jan. 1st. At that time, January, February, and March were reckoned as the *last* three months of the year, so that what I call Jan. 1602 was *then* called Jan. 1601. Such a date is very commonly expressed as 'Jan. 1601–2'.

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you will, much like the commedy of errores or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni a good practise in it to make the steward beleeue his Lady widdowe was in Loue with him by counterfayting a letter, as from his Lady, in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling his apparaile, &c. And then when he came to practise making him beleeue they tooke him to be mad."

There can be no possible doubt that Shakespeare's play is here referred to, the only discrepancy being that Olivia is called a 'widdowe', whereas it was her brother for whom she was in mourning. This extract, therefore, taken in conjunction with the omission of *Twelfth Night* from Meres's list, practically proves that the play had been written by the beginning of 1602, but had not been acted at the end of 1601. It is of course possible that the omission from Meres's list was accidental, but Manningham certainly writes of it as a new play.

Steevens, who was an adept at discovering attacks on Shakespeare in Ben Jonson, detects a sneer at this play in a passage from *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was acted in 1599; so that if his surmise be accepted, the date of *Twelfth Night* would have to be moved back. But apart from the other reasons for looking on Jonson's play as the earlier, the passage in question could scarcely be regarded by an impartial judge as referring to *Twelfth Night*; the misrepresentation would be too gross. The words are in act iii. sc. 2; "the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid; some such cross wooing". We need not hesitate to dismiss this piece of 'evidence'.

Ben Jonson.

2. (*a*) Any lingering doubt is practically dispelled by the "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone" in ii. 3, a song which first appeared in the *Book of Ayres*, 1601; though the catch where it occurs might possibly have been interpolated in the play.

Internal (*a*).

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Two other passages may be referred to in this connection, but only to be dismissed as affording little if any real evidence. (i) "The new map with the augmentation to the Indies" (iii. 2) was supposed by Steevens to refer to the map for 'Linschoten's Voyages', of which the English edition appeared in 1598. Mr. Coote, however, has shown that the map referred to was one of which copies are extant bound up in the first edition of *Hakluyt's Voyages*, but which records discoveries not known earlier than 1596. (ii) Mistress Mall's picture (i. 3), if it refers to 'Mall Cutpurse', must have been inserted in the play a good deal later than 1602; but the reference might easily have been interpolated as a 'topical' allusion after the play was written; it is quite uncertain whether 'Mall Cutpurse' is alluded to; and this certainly could not be regarded as valid evidence against Manningham's diary.

So far, then, the evidence proves conclusively that the play was acted as early as Feb. 1602, and affords very strong presumption that it was not written earlier than 1601.

2. (β) The rest of the internal evidence confirms these conclusions. The technical characteristics of the early plays are wanting. The verse structure and the use of prose alike belong to the middle period of Shakespeare's work (see Appendix B); the matured skill of the practised playwright is everywhere evident, while the light-heartedness and buoyancy of the spirit in which it is written are quite different from that grave cheerfulness which marks even the liveliest of the later plays. Internal (β).

So that the final conclusion is, *Twelfth Night* was certainly not written later than the end of 1601, nor earlier than 1597, and almost certainly not earlier than the end of 1601.

2. SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

It was the habit of all the play-writers of Shakespeare's time to adopt freely the work of their predecessors in constructing their own plays. They rewrote plays which had been already acted or published; they appropriated the plots and characters of other authors, Habit of adaptation.

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English or foreign; in short, they used any material which came to hand without any regard for any notion of 'literary property'.

Thus many of Shakespeare's plays are earlier plays re-written, and we can usually find somewhere or other a play, a novel, or a chronicle from which he derived the leading situations of his plays. Sometimes he followed his original closely, merely making an occasional improvement. Sometimes he borrowed his main plot and constructed an under-plot of his own which entirely changed the general effect. Sometimes he extracted, so to speak, the skeleton out of a story that had never really been alive, and clothed it with flesh and blood, and breathed new life into it till it became living, beautiful, human. Always, whatever the extent of his borrowings might have been, the play when it left his hands was something new, different, instinct with a genius that none but Shakespeare could have imparted to it. There was never a writer whose materials were more deliberately stolen, nor one whose creations were more original, more individual, more unmistakably stamped as the handiwork of the supreme master.

The central ideas of the play of *Twelfth Night* were by no means new. The girl masquerading as a man was a common device: Shakespeare himself had already used it at least three times; in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *As You Like It*. The confusion arising from personal likenesses he had borrowed before in *The Comedy of Errors*. The leading features of his main plot had been already presented in the *Novelle* of Bandello, in the Italian play *Gl'Ingannati*, in Barnabie Riche's story of Apolonius and Silla, and in various other modified forms by numerous writers. But the combination of the main plot with the under-plot is Shakespeare's own, it was he who imparted the individuality to every one of his characters, and *Twelfth Night* is as distinctively, as fundamentally, Shakespeare, as if every conception, every incident, and every character had been without any precedent in literature.

Parts of the plot were common property.

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Whether Shakespeare had actually read or seen on the stage a story or play which embodied the main features of the leading plot of *Twelfth Night* we cannot say with absolute certainty. That he knew the plot had been used before for stories or plays is beyond a doubt. And there is at least a very strong presumption that he deliberately adapted for his own purposes one or other or all of the pieces mentioned above.

Manningham in his diary speaks of the resemblance of *Twelfth Night* to an Italian play which he calls '*Inganni*' (the deceived). Probably he had in his mind a play of that name by Gonzaga (1592) in which a girl masquerades as a man under the name of *Cesare* (cf. Viola's Cesario), and is consequently mistaken for her brother. But there is little farther resemblance between *Inganni* and *Twelfth Night*. Supposed sources: 'Inganni'.

Possibly, however, Manningham was thinking of another play called *Gl'Ingannati* (the cheated), the likeness of which to *Twelfth Night* is much more marked. Here we have the heroine disguising herself as a boy, taking service with a man with whom she is in love, wooing on his behalf the woman with whom *he* is in love, and winning the lady's love for herself; the appearance on the scene of the brother, confusion between brother and sister, marriage of the lady to the brother, subsequent discovery of the whole blunder, and general joyful marrying off of everybody. This Italian play was pretty certainly based on Bandello's story above referred to. 'Gl'Ingannati.'

Yet it is by no means sure that Shakespeare knew of *Gl'Ingannati*. Probably he did. The literary culture of the day was drawn from Italy; Italian words are rather abundant in this play; and Shakespeare was certainly well acquainted with a good deal of Italian literature, though his knowledge of it *may* have been derived almost entirely from translators. Still the story of 'Apolonius and Silla' is quite near enough to that of *Twelfth Night* to have served as the dramatist's model without his going farther afield. On the other hand, Barnabie Riche may very possibly have based

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his story on Bandello's. It is only important to notice that the likeness between *Twelfth Night* and *Gl'Ingannati* does not prove that Shakespeare was actually acquainted with the Italian play; although, just as the name of Cesare in *Inganni* suggests that as a direct source of the English play, the occurrence of the name Malevolti in *Gl'Ingannati* looks as if it were the original of Shakespeare's Malvolio.

'Apolonius and Silla.'

The story of Apolonius and Silla presents the same leading features, though some of the details vary. Apolonius is the Duke of Constantinople; Silla follows him for love, and enters his service as a page. The love-making at cross-purposes goes on in the same way; Silla's brother Silvio appears, and except for a certain grossness of incident which Shakespeare almost alone of Elizabethans successfully avoids, the story works out just as do *Twelfth Night* and *Gl'Ingannati*.

Conclusion.

Thus we find that Shakespeare's main plot is a story of which the principal features were common property, while two extant versions, one in English, and one in Italian, bear a close resemblance in many details to the particular version used by Shakespeare; and in another Italian variant, in other respects much less close to *Twelfth Night*, the heroine adopts the name of Cesare, as Viola adopts that of Cesario. We may fairly conclude, though not with certainty, that Shakespeare had read one or other, perhaps all of them; at any rate he did not construct those main incidents out of his inner consciousness; and if he actually did come across one of those versions, we may be perfectly certain that he would have had no scruple whatever about making precisely as much use of it as suited his convenience. But there is no trace of the underplot, in which Malvolio is the central figure, having been borrowed from anywhere at all; the interweaving of the plot and underplot is entirely original, and every one of the characters is a creation of Shakespeare's own.

The name of the play has no obvious connection with the story. Probably it is merely intended to convey that the comedy was suited for production on Twelfth Night, a feast

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set apart for mirth and revels. Possibly it was specially intended for production on the Twelfth Night of 1602, just before it was witnessed by Manningham. The sub-title 'What You Will' is precisely paralleled by the name of *As You Like It*—'call it Twelfth Night, or anything else you please'. It appears that some people did please to call it 'Malvolio' instead, as that name has been written into the copy owned by Charles I. The Name.

Twelfth Night appears to have maintained its popularity; it was witnessed (and severely condemned) thrice by Samuel Pepys; it was edited in 1703 by Burnaby, after the usual method of the 'Restoration' dramatists when they edited Shakespeare; Kemble in his day acted the part of Malvolio; and it continues to hold the stage at the present day. Stage History.

3. APPRECIATION.

Professor Dowden has divided Shakespeare's work into four periods. In the first, the dramatist was learning how to work; in the second, he had mastered the method, and attained the high-water mark in the simpler forms of production, his mood throughout this period being buoyant, vigorous, and for the most part glad; in the third stage, the problems of life had assumed for him a grimmer and more complex aspect: to it belong the great tragedies and the two miscalled comedies of *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*; in the fourth he had fought his way through the valley of the shadow and emerged into a clear and serene atmosphere, the mirthfulness of his earlier years and the gloom of his third period giving place to a calm and tender cheerfulness; the plays of this time being neither tragedies nor comedies proper, but romances. Shakespeare's four periods.

A degree of doubt attaches to the dates of several plays; and it is, of course, obvious that the prevalent mood of one period may have been the passing mood of another; that the dramatist may have fallen into temporary gloom, or shaken off his depression, or reached forth by anticipation to the

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final sense of calm elevation. But, roughly speaking, this classification of the plays is borne out by the general evidences of date. In 1601 and 1602 Shakespeare was passing from the joyous to the tragic mood, and *Twelfth Night* may be reckoned as the last comedy of the second stage.

The second period: Characteristics.

A glance at the list of plays which were probably written from 1596 to 1601 will at once reveal the close kinship of mood which pervades them. *Julius Cæsar* is the only tragedy, and that falls in the closing year. There are two pre-eminently boisterous comedies, *The Taming of the Shrew* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. In all the rest, pure comedy and romance are combined—whether the romance of war or the romance of love—*Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado*, and *Twelfth Night*.

This is the primary characteristic of every one of these plays. The romance may predominate in one, the comedy in another; the humour may be more rollicking when Falstaff appears, the romance may verge on tragedy in the story of Hero; the ingredients, in short, may be mixed in slightly varying proportions; but (to vary the metaphor) the keynote of each is the same—an intense and thorough enjoyment of life, and health, and vigour, a readiness to take things as they come, a freedom from over-anxiety about the morrow, an absence of psychological or metaphysical riddling. By way of illustration, not of definition, one might compare the plays of this period with the novels of Walter Scott, and with less accuracy the plays of the next period with the novels of George Eliot. It is always rather surprising to know that George Eliot regarded Scott as her master; but it becomes less so when we remember that the Shakespeare who drew Hamlet was the same who had drawn Rosalind.

Common note of impulsiveness.

Intimately associated with this keen physical vitality is the somewhat astonishing impulsiveness which marks so many of the leading characters throughout this group of plays. Meditation, hesitation, carefully laid schemes, elaborate reasonings abound in the later works. Here the moment's inspiration is acted upon with a habitual

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promptitude which would take our breath away if we did not feel it to be so supremely natural in these radiant damsels and their lovers, whose brains are as active as their muscles, and whose muscles are trained to perfection. It takes Rosalind five minutes to make up her mind to assume male attire and tramp off to Arden. Portia's device is no less quickly conceived and swiftly carried out. Neither they nor Viola have a qualm about the possible complications that may result. And the consistency and thoroughness with which heroes, heroines, and minor characters as well, fall in love at first sight, is of the essence of the temper of these romances. Rosalind and Orlando, Celia and Oliver, see each other once, and never a doubt enters the mind of one of them again. Phebe falls in love with the supposed Ganymede at her first interview. Claudio notices Hero for the first time, and forthwith proposes to marry her. Viola is in love with Orsino three days after their first meeting; Olivia falls in love with 'Cesario' and Sebastian with Olivia before they have known each other for five minutes. And they are all perfectly ready to act on this sudden inspiration with a magnificent confidence, eminently characteristic of a time when men habitually had to make up their minds to deal with sudden emergencies on the spur of the moment; when the spirit of adventure was rife, and a considerable recklessness, coupled with a ready hand and a ready tongue, were essentials of success, so that without them romance and comedy were like enough to give place to swift tragedy in real life no less than on the stage.

When we come to compare details, we find a variety of resemblances in the stage devices of at least three of the comedies. In *As You Like It*, *The Merchant*, and *Twelfth Night*, the plot turns on the heroine passing herself off as a youth. Phebe falls in love with Rosalind, as Olivia does with Viola. Feste is a more feather-brained Touchstone, as Lancelot Gobbo is a kind of clownish Feste. Lorenzo is first cousin to Orsino, as Sebastian is very near akin to Orlando. And in all these three plays we may particularly remark that it is not the

Resemblances in details.

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wisdom of a man, but the wit of a woman which controls the ultimate destinies of the actors.

Before turning to a detailed examination of the characters in *Twelfth Night*, we may remark certain general characteristics in the construction of the play.

Special characteristics of *Twelfth Night*.

The whole piece is notably harmonious; the same spirit runs through it from beginning to end. There are many passages of a fine poetic beauty in it, such as Viola's "She never told her love"; the humour waxes somewhat boisterous when Sir Toby is in his cups; but the jesting is never so broad that it jars with the poetry, the poetry is never so serious that it sets us out of tune for the revelry. The most passionate passages are tinged with humour from the unconscious irony of the situation; the most extravagant scenes are free from any taint of grossness. Comedy and romance are more completely blended—the piece is, so to speak, more thoroughly on one plane all through—than in any other of the series, with the possible exception of *As You Like It*.

The ease with which the story runs on, the technical mastery of construction whereby fresh situations are perpetually evolved without any sense of strain, the entire freedom from patchiness, the unfailing liveliness, the manner in which the attention is riveted on the action from first to last, mark the piece as the production of a past master in the craft of playwriting. By laying the scene in Illyria, the dramatist secures a freedom in the setting of the story which would hardly have been obtainable if he had selected a more definite geographical locality. But while every part is made to fit into every other part, so that everything appears to turn out precisely as it must have happened, Shakespeare was at no pains to ensure that there should be no small slips, nothing which the adverse critic might find to make merry over if he only hunted hard enough. He does not appear to have given *Twelfth Night* any detailed and accurate revision. Orsino is a count or a duke at pleasure. Malvolio reads Maria's epistle, and proceeds to refer to particular letters as giving

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the authorship, although they have not occurred in it at all. Orsino says that Cesario has been in his service three months on the fourth day after Viola landed in Illyria. Shakespeare did not take the trouble to correct these inconsistencies, for the simple reason that no audience would notice them; they have no effect on the *vraisemblance* of a story which is avowedly a Twelfth Night extravagance, making no demand for rigid realism: just as he felt himself at perfect liberty to introduce the Fairy Court in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or Hymen in *As You Like It*, without any intention of implying that Hymen or Oberon are to be met in the flesh by visitors to the woods of Arden or Attica. Shakespeare would fare but ill at the hands of a conscientious critic of the school which maintains that art is the photographic reproduction of natural objects.

The plot of our play is as follows:—

The plot.

The twin sister and brother, Viola and Sebastian, have been wrecked on a voyage. Viola is picked up by a passing vessel, and landed in Illyria. Learning that the Duke or Count is a man of good repute, and one who had been known to her father, she resolves to pass herself off as a youth, and to take service with him as a page, under the name of Cesario. Now Orsino is much in love with a lady named Olivia, who for her part will not heed his suit, being vowed to spend seven years in mourning for a brother who had recently died. Viola in her character of page rapidly rises in favour with Orsino, who after three days resolves to send her to woo Olivia on his behalf, all unconscious that the seeming page is a girl, who has already fallen desperately in love with him. The page gains access to the lady; but, while she fails to win her for the Duke, becomes herself the object of Olivia's passionate affection. Meantime Sebastian appears upon the scene. Olivia, meeting him, takes him for Viola, and straightway begs him to marry her. Sebastian, bewildered but delighted, since he has fallen in love with her at first sight, promptly agrees, and they are formally but privately betrothed without delay. Now Sebastian's

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arrival is accounted for by the fact that he had been picked up by another passing vessel. Antonio, the captain who had rescued him, had done notable service in war against Orsino, and being recognized in the town, is seized and haled before the Duke. As Olivia mistook Sebastian for Viola, so Antonio mistook Viola for Sebastian, and was captured while defending her in a brawl into which she had been forced. Naturally indignant when she declares she has never seen him before, he pours out his wrath on her in the Duke's presence. Orsino deems him mad, but when Olivia appears on the scene and claims 'Cesario' for her husband, calling to witness the priest who had conducted the ceremony of betrothal, he turns upon her in a rage. The timely entrance of Sebastian leads to a full explanation; the Duke transfers his affections from Olivia to Viola, Olivia finds Sebastian an excellent substitute for Viola, and all ends happily. [This, as will be seen, is practically the same plot as that of *Gl'Ingannati*.]

With this is interwoven the underplot, of which the central figure is Malvolio, Olivia's steward. Olivia has an uncle, Sir Toby Belch, who, with his friend, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is living at free quarters in her house. Sir Andrew is in truth merely Sir Toby's butt, kept on the premises until Sir Toby shall have thoroughly fleeced him, on the pretext that he is an eminently appropriate suitor for Olivia's hand. Now, the drunken habits of the two knights are a perpetual offence to the prim steward Malvolio, whose puritanical solemnity is no less a grievance to them, and to the Jester and Maria, Olivia's waiting woman, who, moreover, intends to marry Sir Toby. These four therefore design a trap for Malvolio, inducing him to believe (as he is only too ready to do) that Olivia is in love with him. The trick is effected by means of a letter which Maria leaves in his way, in consequence of which he behaves in so fantastic a fashion that those who are not in the secret believe he has gone out of his wits. He is accordingly confined as a lunatic, but released after a brief interval, when his tormentors have confessed to their practical joke.

The underplot.

A lively interlude is caused by Sir Andrew's jealousy on

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account of Olivia's attentions to the Duke's page, which leads to a challenge, and finally to Sebastian being assaulted by mistake for Viola, with disastrous consequences to Sir Andrew and his companions.

Characters: Viola.

The heroine and central character of this play is unquestionably Viola; whom it is impossible to avoid placing in direct comparison with Rosalind. Both are eminently quick-witted and warm-hearted; both can face misfortune with resolution, and with a fine capacity for grasping the humorous features of the situation; each has a feminine horror of blood and bloodshed; each can assume the boy's part, while the audacity of each is coupled with an innate refinement of such force that the veriest prude could charge neither of them with a suspicion of immodesty. Each has the delicacy of feeling, the tenderness, the generosity, the tact, the loyalty, and the resourcefulness which make them irresistibly lovable. Of the two, however, Viola has much the more difficult part to play, if only because she must play it unaided, while Rosalind has Celia to give her very material assistance. Yet this is not all; for Rosalind has her own loyal lover to make love to, and knows all the time that he is in love with her: she can lavish unexpected fascinations on him as she could not have done in her true character; she has nothing to fear, and no one but herself to consider. Viola, on the other hand, loving Orsino with self-denying devotion, has to woo the affections of a rival on his behalf, with only the semi-consolation that the attempt is obviously useless. Yet even under these hard conditions her generosity never fails. She makes the attempt loyally and frankly. She shows no jealous depreciation when her rival removes the veil from her face, expressing her admiration in terms obviously sincere. She carefully shields Olivia when the latter sends Malvolio after her with the ring, as anyone less generous and less quick-witted must have failed to do. She speaks up for Antonio, even when he is railing upon her in a manner wholly unintelligible to her; and all this with the burden of a fresh and unrequited love upon her heart. Altogether, one

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feels that she is very much too good for Orsino; but then it is almost a universal rule that Shakespeare's heroines are a degree too good for their mates.

Olivia.

Olivia is an admirable foil to Viola. Her position as a wealthy heiress has given her a certain habit of dignity which makes us fancy her somewhat older; yet if we are to suppose any actual difference in age it must be very slight; for she evidently ought not to impress us as older than Sebastian. But she has been brought up among grandees; she is the responsible head of a household which requires skilful and dignified control to keep its members within tolerable bounds; and she has developed the stately manner which accords with her position. For all that, she is the most impulsive of the whole very impulsive group, and has something of the spoilt child about her which contrasts with the combined frankness and self-control of Viola. Her feelings are not so deep, but she is more emotional; like Orsino, she feels a distinct enjoyment in playing with grief; her melancholy is extremely self-conscious, and she is already beginning to feel aweary of it, and to crave for some new emotion when we are first introduced to her. No one can quite believe in the genuineness of her declaration that she is going to spend seven years in mourning, nor do we feel the smallest surprise when her exaggerated grief gives sudden place to exaggerated passion. Not being endowed with that sense of humour which is the natural enemy of superficial emotion, she gives her sentimentality free play, and is rather proud of it. She is evidently clever and cultivated, but she lacks Viola's readiness of fence and quick resourcefulness. She would have mated ill with Orsino, because she is so like him. Sebastian, with his energy and promptness, is well adapted to give her what she needs.

Orsino.

It is something of a flaw in Viola that she should care so much for Orsino, but it is common enough to find a strong character like hers becoming devoted to a weak one like his. Highly cultivated, thoroughly artistic, with sensibilities very easily touched, much of what has already been said of Olivia applies to him with at least

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equal force. He has little real resolution; his persistence in his suit for Olivia's hand is the obstinacy of a spoilt child which has set its heart on a particular toy—not because another would not do equally well, but because it wants to have its own way. So Orsino languishes for Olivia, and feeds his passion with choice airs, and talks beautifully of the desperate vehemence of his devotion with graceful self-commiseration. But he has not the faintest intention of allowing his life to be blighted by an unrequited attachment; he too has begun to feel that he would like some new game to play at; and when Olivia's marriage is capped by the discovery that he is himself beloved by a particularly charming girl, who is, moreover, a skilled musician, the frantic passion for his former love gives place, without a sign of effort, to an affection which Orsino no doubt afterwards felt to be highly magnanimous and creditable. There is a peculiar and delightful irony about the way in which the unconscious count lectures his supposed page on the comparative constancy of men and women, declaring, within the compass of a single scene, that men are much the more fickle and that women are incapable of such intense devotion as his.

With Sebastian and Antonio the list of serious characters concludes; and they call for little remark. Sebastian is so young that his smooth face can be mistaken for his sister's; but he is a man in manners, and ready to play a man's part with his tongue or his fist, as circumstances may require; while Antonio is a warm-hearted, hot-headed sailor, ready to take an enemy's life in fair fight or to lose his own on his friend's behalf, loyal, daring to recklessness; the type of sea-dog with which all England was familiar in the days of Drake and Hawkins.

Sebastian

Antonio.

Turning to the characters in the underplot, Fabian and Maria may be dismissed in a few words. The former in fact is superfluous, his only real function being to act as a slightly restraining influence on his boister-

Maria.

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ous companions. Maria is a smart waiting-maid, of a type not usually given so much prominence by Shakespeare, but fitted to the company in which she finds herself—a clever, quick-witted damsel, with an eye to the main chance and a very keen enjoyment of a joke, practical or otherwise; a young woman who plays her cards with marked success, secures the downfall of her enemy Malvolio, and captures an admiring spouse in the person of Sir Toby; wholly without the refined attractiveness of a Nerissa, but decidedly a lively and entertaining companion.

Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew is an ideal butt. He is perhaps the most perfectly foolish personage ever presented on the stage; not so much a developed Slender as an embryo Justice Shallow. A complete ignoramus, utterly incapable of grasping a witticism, he is anxious to pass as a man of parts, and tumbles into every word-trap that his hero Sir Toby or the Clown lays for him. A perfect and entire coward, he is fain to believe himself a perfect fire-eater. An obvious lout, he swallows compliments on his personal appearance without the dimmest suspicion that he is a general laughing-stock, though he has a naïf consciousness that "there be many do call me fool". He is a source of endless enjoyment and profit to Sir Toby and to Feste—the former gulling him into an uneasy conviction that he may yet compass a marriage with Olivia, while his crowns are flowing in a steady stream from his own pockets into those of Sir Toby.

The Clown.

Feste is a much less original creation than Touchstone. He is a clever jester, quick of retort, singularly audacious, and with a special aptitude for introducing sudden and disconcerting turns in conversation which enable him to leave the field with all the honours of victory just when he seems to have been driven into a corner from which there is no escape. But he never gives us those gems of worldly wisdom decked out with motley which render Touchstone supreme among jesters; nor does he display that benign tenderness of heart which makes the Clown in *As You Like It* so lovable a cynic. Ingenious critics have indeed found in the closing song an epitome of life's

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philosophy; yet to the ordinary intelligence the words of that ditty do not convey any exceptionally deep thought. Feste is a mirthful being, and a pleasant songster; but even his wit is at best of the second order, and he has no hidden depth of character.

Sir Toby

The leader of the roystering crew is Sir Toby Belch: and in him there is a faint reminiscence of Falstaff, though he never approaches the supremacy of the fat knight. The resemblance in fact lies in little more than their common possession of a shrewd wit, an ample good nature, a taste for canary, and a plentiful lack of conscience. Falstaff consumes vast quantities of liquor, but he is never drunk; Sir Toby is never at any time really sober. Falstaff does perpetual battle with the quick wits of Prince Hal; Sir Toby is chiefly occupied in 'drawing' the foolish Sir Andrew. He has an immense and genial appreciation of the humours of a situation, a natural skill in talking intentional nonsense, and an aptitude for more or less appropriate punning; but these qualities will not for a moment bear comparison with the supreme imperturbability of Falstaff, his power of wriggling out of an *impasse*, his irresistible audacity, his unfailing ingenuity.

Malvolio.

The one character in the play about whom there is something of a controversy is Malvolio. To some readers he appears to be a solemn prig, a kind of puritanical Sir Andrew, and nothing more. At the opposite extreme are those who find in his misfortunes a cause of tears rather than laughter. Malvolio appears to me to be one of those characters who have been studied and analysed till criticism has become somewhat mazed. On the one hand, it ought to be quite obvious that he is not merely a solemn prig. He has the complete confidence of Olivia, is clearly held in high esteem by her, and is known to be so by Orsino. His mistress declares that she would not have him miscarry for the half of her dowry, and there is a general desire at the end of the play to soothe him back into good humour. It is impossible not to recognize that he is most conscientious and trustworthy; but these excellent qualities are marred by an

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overweening vanity and a perfect lack of humour. Now there is much solace to be derived from the exposure and punishment of villainy; we feel a glow of conscious virtue when the heavy hand of justice falls upon the evil-doer. But this is not to be compared with the abundant satisfaction of seeing a vain man made into a mock. For the vain man is a perpetual source of irritation; it is an annoyance to feel that he looks down upon us; his prosperity is a kind of slight to those admirable qualities of our own which are patent to the shrewd observer though we make no parade of them. And, therefore, when the vain man is brought low, when the pompous man is rendered ridiculous, when the superior person is exposed in an act of manifest folly, human nature rejoices greatly. Because he is 'sick of self-love', pompous, a prig, the downfall of Malvolio appeals to our instincts as exceedingly right and proper; but because he is a worthy soul at bottom, we are fully satisfied by his one disaster; the balance being redressed, so that he can never more parade his superiority, we have no wish for any farther vengeance; and we are no less pleased that he is to be 'entreated to a peace' than we were to see him toppled from his high estate.

Of Malvolio as a typical puritan I have spoken at length in a note at the end of this volume. It will suffice to remark here that his puritanism is not of the militant theological order, but belongs only to the region of manners and morals. He is an example not of its vices but of its follies; a person to be looked upon not with scorn or hate, but with amusement tempered with respect, and even with pity. For, however overweening his pretensions to virtue, however preposterous his dreams may be, the virtues are really there, and it is a hard thing to have one's dreams shattered. Malvolio deserves to be smitten for his vanity; but he deserves, too, to be respected for his underlying worth.

It has been found impossible to retain the Globe numbering of the lines in this edition; but it is retained in all refer-

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ences to other plays. The Globe text, being now generally recognized as the standard, has been adhered to unless for some exceptionally strong reason, though in the notes a preference is occasionally expressed for some other version. The present text.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, FESTE, a clown, } servants to Olivia.
OLIVIA, a rich countess.
VIOLA.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*

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TWELFTH NIGHT:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?
Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted:
But from her handmaid do return this answer:

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The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.
Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, *a* Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?

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Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!
Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

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Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!
Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!
Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.
Mar. And you too, sir.
Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
Sir And. What's that?
Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.
Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
Mar. My name is Mary, sir.
Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.
Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?
Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.
Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.
Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?
Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.
Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.
Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.
Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?
Mar. It's dry, sir.
Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?
Mar. A dry jest, sir.
Sir And. Are you full of them?
Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*
Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?
Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.
Sir To. No question.
Sir And. An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.
Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

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Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *A room in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,

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And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours'.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit'.

Enter Lady OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

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Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true counsellor but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister

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occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby?

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lethargy! I defy lethargy. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

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Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA *and* Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her.
Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never

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saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhood; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

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Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

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Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I'm not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.

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Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

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Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were you not even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

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For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am a woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere', thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! 'a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

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Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave'.

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave', knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace'.

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

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Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we'. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!' 72

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December',—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? 84

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. 91

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?' 100

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria! 110

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any

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thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will

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work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

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Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* CLOWN.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, sir?
Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

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Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,

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That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

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Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'T is but a fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'S light, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for kinsman Toby,—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

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Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech',—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*Reads*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes':—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads*]

Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know': if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

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Mal. [*Reads*]

I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle! 100

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,— Softly! M, O, A, I,— 111

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope. 120

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. [*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art

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made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY.' 142
Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. 154
[*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 162

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either? 170

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a

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melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. Indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

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Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element', but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house; my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

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Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours'; well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours', 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed': I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

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If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: nevermore
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

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Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'S light, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

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Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,

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The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.
Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Too oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.
Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.
Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all'.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet heart.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness: 't was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

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Oli. Ha!
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—
Oli. What sayest thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so';—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity'; and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to': fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

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Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound.

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My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat: that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot; I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour

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of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA *with* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

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Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signor Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

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Re-enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Plague on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'ld have seen him damned ere I'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will. [*They draw.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

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Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.
Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.
First Off. This is the man; do thy office.
Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
Ant. You do mistake me, sir.
First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.
Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.
Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there 's half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man

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Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. O heavens themselves!
Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
First Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!
Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.
Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*
Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*
Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
Sir And. I 'll after him again and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.
Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.
Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me. 9
Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?
Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.
Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase. 20

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.
Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?
Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.
Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*
Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.
Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that. 31
Seb. Let go thy hand.
Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.
Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.
Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

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Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!
Sir To. Madam!
Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.
Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!
Oli. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!
Seb. Madam, I will.
Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*
Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.
Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a

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niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is': so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that', and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

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Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*Singing*] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Mal. Fool!

Clo. 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

Mal. Fool!

Clo. 'Alas, why is she so?'

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

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Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch

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With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceives she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?

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Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:

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Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 't was but distraction.
Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?
Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

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Vio. Madam!
Duke. Gracious Olivia,—
Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel!
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away!
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

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Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest—
Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.
Oli. What 's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head

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for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

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An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from my birth I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

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I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vio. And all these sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?
Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.
Oli. Open 't, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam',—
Oli. How now! art thou mad?
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.
Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.
Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*
Fab. [*Reads*] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

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Oli. Did he write this?
Clo. Ay, madam.
Duke. This savours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
[*Exit Fabian.*
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.
Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.
Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 't is Maria's hand.

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And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged': and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

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A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

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NOTES.

Act I.—Scene I.

1. **music...food of love.** Mr. Wright quotes *Antony*, ii. 5. 1—

"Music, moody food
Of us that trade in love".

2. **surfeiting**; the intransitive form is now used less frequently than the passive 'to be surfeited'.

4. **dying fall**, *i.e.* it sank softly to silence: so Pope (*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*)—

"The strains decay
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall".

5. **sweet sound**, &c. Pope being of opinion that a 'sound' does not 'breathe', substituted 'south' = south-wind. The change is wholly needless; and is open to the additional objection that the south wind in Shakespeare is always referred to as very unpleasant.

9. **quick**, 'volatile'. So, *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 29, "that quick spirit that is in Antony".

10. **That.** Where we should say 'so that', 'seeing that', and the like, Shakespeare often uses 'that' alone. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 284, &c.

12. **validity**, 'value'.

12. **pitch**, 'high worth'. *Pitch* as a technical term in falconry meant the highest point to which the falcon rose: so being a test of the bird's worth.

14. **fancy**, *i.e.* 'love'. So often, *e.g. Merchant*, iii. 2. 63, "Tell me where is fancy bred".

15. **alone**; *i.e.* 'past comparison'. Cf. *Antony*, iv. 6. 30, "I am alone the villain of the earth".

16. **go hunt.** 'Hunt' is infinitive. The old infinitive form had the suffix *-en*, and, as this gradually dropped out of use, 'to' before the word took its place. After some verbs which we classify as 'auxiliary' it has never been reckoned necessary to use 'to', and with some we can still use it or not, as we choose. In Shakespeare's day this class of doubtful verbs was much larger; so that we have "ought not walk" (*Julius Caesar*, i. 1. 3), and, on the other hand, "I had rather hear you *to* solicit that" (iii. 1. 120); and at v. i. 364—

"let no quarrel nor no brawl *to* come
Taint the condition of this present hour",

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we have 'to' inserted where we should omit it, and omitted where we should usually insert it.

17. **hart.** Shakespeare makes his characters play upon their words in their most serious moments. So Antony, mourning over Caesar, makes this same pun (*Julius Caesar*, iii. 1. 207)—

> "O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
> And this, O world, the very heart of thee";

and Rosalind, in a lighter mood (*As You Like It*, iii. 2. 260)—

> '*Cel.* He was furnished like a hunter.
> *Ros.* Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart".

19. The Duke in this passage compares himself to Actaeon, who, having beheld Artemis and her attendants bathing, was turned into a stag, and devoured by his own hounds. The idea of the lover as an Actaeon, torn by the desires which should be under his own control, suffering for the beautiful vision he has seen, occurs frequently in the Elizabethans.

22. **fell**, 'fierce'.

23. **pursue me.** After 'since' we should say 'have pursued me'.

23. **How now.** For the metre, see App. B, § 3 (iv.).

24. **so please**, for 'if it so please', or 'may it so please', is a very frequent form of ellipse.

26. **element**, the air or sky. The universe was supposed to be composed of the four 'elements'—air, earth, water, fire: and the word is used specially of *air*, cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 128—

> "the complexion of the element
> In favour 's like the work we have in hand".

27. **seven years' heat**, the heat of seven years, 'seven summers'. The Folios read *years* instead of *years'*, and several commentators regard *heat* as a participle = heated, referring to 'the element'. Cf. *King John*, iv. 1. 61, "The iron of itself, though heat red-hot". This formation of the participle is common with verbs ending in *t*, *d*, *te*, *de* (cf. the list in Abbott, 342); but the text as here given and rendered is preferable in itself; while the omission of the apostrophe by the printers is an obviously easy slip.

32. **remembrance.** Scanned as four syllables, 'rememb(e)rance': a vowel sound often being inserted between a liquid and another consonant. So in i. 2. 21, "The like of him. Know'st thou this count(e)ry". See App. B, § 6 (iv.).

33, 34. **that fine frame To pay.** 'That' and 'such' are often interchanged in Shakespeare, and the omission of 'as' is common. Abbott, 277.

35. **golden shaft**, Cupid's love-shaft. It was fabled that Cupid had a golden arrow, creating love, and a leaden one, preventing it.

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37. **liver, brain and heart**: these were regarded as the three supreme organs of the body, through which the soul acts. These, says Steevens, "are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions*, *judgement*, and *sentiments*".

38, 39. **and fill'd Her sweet perfections**: 'and her sweet perfections are filled'.

39. **perfections**, a quadrisyllable. See App. B, § 6 (ii.).

39. **self** = self-same. So very commonly. Cf. *Merchant*, i. 1. 148—

> "To shoot another arrow that self way
> Which you did shoot the first".

Scene 2.

1, 2. I should prefer printing these two lines and reading them as one; referring to App. B, § 5 (i).

2, 4. **Illyria...Elysium.** See note on i. 17, 'hart'.

5, 6. **perchance.** Note the play on the two meanings of 'perhaps' and 'by chance'.

7. This may be scanned as coming under § 3 (iv.) of App. B, or 'brother' may be treated as a monosyllable, as under § 6 (vii.).

10. **those poor number.** 'Number' may be treated as a noun of multitude, by analogy, though this is unusual. Otherwise we must alter the text reading 'numbers'. The printer's error in this case would be accounted for by the next word beginning with *s*. Malone reads 'this' for 'those'.

15. **Arion**—Ff. *Orion*—an obvious slip. Allusions to classical tales are very frequent throughout the Elizabethans, and cannot be cited as showing an author's acquaintance with Greek or even Latin originals.—The tale ran that Arion, a Greek musician, was voyaging from Sicily to Corinth; when the sailors resolved to murder him for his wealth. He leaped into the sea, whereupon a dolphin which had been charmed by his music, bore him safe to land.—Observe that Shakespeare makes a sea captain quote Arion as readily as the Duke quotes Actaeon.

17, 18. These lines fall under the same metrical rule as 1 and 2.

19–21. Line 20 is a parenthesis, qualifying the word 'hope'. *The like* = 'a like escape for him'.

21. **country** scanned as a trisyllable. Cf. i. 32, note, and App. B, § 6 (iv.).

22. **bred and born**: it is curious that this inversion of the order of events has become stereotyped.

35. **What's she?** We should say 'who', or 'what kind of person is she?' Shakespeare often uses 'what' in this way. Cf. 5. 124, "What is he at the gate?"

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40, 41. Ff. read *the sight And company.* The transposition which gives the proper sense and order, and makes the metre correct, is due to Hanmer.

42. **delivered,** 'made known'. Cf. *Coriolanus*, v. 6. 41, "I'll deliver myself your loyal servant".

43, 44. **mellow What my estate is.** So the Ff. 'Till I had made my opportunities ripen my present state'. 'Mellow' is a verb. The Globe puts a comma after *mellow*, rendering 'till I had made my opportunities ripe (for revealing the facts) in regard to my true position'. But this seems distinctly clumsier than the Folio reading.

48. **though that.** As words like 'when', 'where', 'how', originally interrogatives, came to be used as relatives, 'that' was frequently attached to them; and by analogy to 'if', 'though', &c. Cf. 5. 324, "If that the youth will come this way to-morrow"; and see Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 287, 288.

51. **character,** outward signs of inward qualities. So twice in *Coriolanus*; but generally in Shakespeare of written marks.

53. **Conceal me what I am.** In the ordinary form, 'conceal what I am', the clause is the object of the verb: but the insertion of the redundant object is common. So we have at i. 5. 269, "I see you what you are, you are too proud". In the present passage, however, 'me' may equally well be regarded as a dative (ethic dative), as in iii. 2, 35, "Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour". The same alternative explanation is to be found at v. 1. 123, "But hear me this".

55. **I'll serve this duke.** Johnson thought Viola deliberately designed to make the Duke fall in love with her. Malone supposed that Shakespeare had the story of Duke Apolonius in his mind (see Introduction), and that we are to suppose Viola was already in love with the Duke, at which he takes lines 28 and 29 to be a hint. This seems very needless. Viola felt that she had better take service with some one, and since Olivia—whom she would have preferred—is out of the question, and she sees a way of getting at the Duke instead, she promptly takes the way.

59. **allow,** commonly = 'acknowledge'; here 'cause to be acknowledged'; see Glossary.

Scene 3.

1. **a plague.** It is difficult to know the original form of an interjectional expression. 'In the [plague's] name' is the probable origin of this and similar phrases. The end of the phrase is dropped when the emphatic word has been said, and 'in the' becomes either 'a'=in, or 'the', alone.

3. **troth,** 'faith'.

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4. cousin. Olivia is Sir Toby's niece; but the word 'cousin' was used generally to cover any relationship except that of parents and children among themselves, *e.g. As You Like It*, i. 3. 44—

"*Ros.* Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin."

6. except before excepted. Sir Toby is always more or less drunk, hence his witticisms are sometimes very much beside the mark. This phrase appears to be wholly irrelevant, and merely the outcome of a hazy recollection of a legal phrase, suggested by the word 'exceptions'. 'Except before excepted' means 'with the exceptions before named', corresponding to the Latin form *exceptis excipiendis*. If we are to extract a meaning here, it would be 'let her take exceptions, as before'.

11. an, 'if'. See Glossary.

13. quaff, drink deep. See Glossary.

18. tall, 'valiant', a very common use. *E.g. 1 Henry IV.*, i. 3. 62, "which many a good tall fellow had destroyed"; but it is generally used sarcastically.

20. ducat, a coin of Italian origin, the name coming from the 'duchies' where they were coined.

23. viol-de-gamboys, violoncello. So called because it was held between the legs.

24. speaks three or four languages. Cf. line 96.

26. natural. Maria plays upon Sir Toby's concluding words, and the use of 'natural' = 'idiot'.

28. gust, taste.

31. substractors, a vinous malaprop for 'detractors'.

33. coystrill, 'knave'. Used in the sixteenth century of the lowest class of camp-followers. It is connected with *couteau*, and means 'knife-man', and appears to be a degradation of *coustillier*, the groom who carried a poniard. Certain French banditti, however, went by the name of *costeraux*, and the two words may be associated in the later meaning of 'coystrill'.

38. parish top. "A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise and out of mischief while they could not work" (Steevens).

39. Castiliano vulgo. We do not know whether this means anything or not—probably not. Warburton, however, suggested that we should read *volto* = 'look grave like a Castilian'.

43. shrew, a woman with a sharp tongue. See Glossary.

45. accost, 'approach', 'draw alongside', as a preliminary to 'boarding' (line 60). The word occurs again at iii. 2. 23.

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52. **board**: in continuation of the metaphor of an engagement between two ships.

63. **Marry**, 'by Mary'.

64. **thought is free**: an old proverbial expression, 'I can think what I like'. Which is as much as to say, 'Now I have you by the hand, I *do* think I have fools in hand'.

65. **buttery-bar**, the 'buttery' or provision room was so called not because of the butter stored there, but because of the bottles of ale and wine; being a corruption of *botelerie*.

67. **dry**: three senses of the word came into play, (1) dull, (2) thirsty, (3) literally, the reverse of moist. A damp hand was regarded as a sign of an amorous disposition, and Maria implies that Sir Andrew is not in love, since his hand is not a lover's hand. For (1) cf. i. 5. 45, "Go to, you're a dry fool". The clown then proceeds to play on the two senses again, "give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry".

73. **barren**, 'barren-witted', since the jests are no longer at her fingers' ends. Cf. 5. 80, "I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal". Cf. the opposite use of 'pregnant', at ii. 2. 29.

74. **canary**, a kind of wine or 'sack' brewed in the Canary Islands: described in *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4. 29, "a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, 'What's this?'"

79. **eater of beef**. The belief that character was materially affected by diet was generally prevalent. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3, Grumio discovers 'choleric' properties in one dish after another. For beef as a wit-destroyer, cf. *Troilus*, ii. 1. 14, where Thersites calls Ajax a "mongrel beef-witted lord".

86. **the arts** include letters and polite studies generally.

87. The point of Sir Toby's jest lies in 'tongues' and 'tongs' being pronounced in the same way. By 'passing his time in the tongs' Sir Andrew would have made his hair curl. The foolish knight of course misses the point.

90. **nature**. Sir Toby is now carrying on his jest to the word 'arts', increasing Sir Andrew's confusion of mind. *curl by nature* is Theobald's emendation for the Ff. *coole my nature*.

93. **I 'll home**. For the omission of the verb of motion cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 1. 74—

"I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets".

95. **she 'll none of me**, 'She will have nothing to do with me'. Cf. 5. 321, and ii. 2. 13, "I 'll none of it".

95. **the count**: Orsino appears as the 'Count' or the 'Duke', without distinction, throughout the play. There are other similar small slips and discrepancies, showing that Shakespeare did not revise with great care.

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98. **there 's life in 't**, *i.e.* it is too soon to despair.

102. **kickshawses**, 'trifles'. *Kickshaws* is properly the singular, the word being a corruption of *quelque chose*. Cf. *2 Henry IV.*, v. 1. 29, "Any pretty little tiny kickshaws".

105. **an old man.** Probably Sir Andrew did not know what he meant himself, but had a vague feeling that the qualification was creditable to his courtesy, and freed him from the charge of boasting. Its inanity is much more in character than Warburton's elaborate explanation that it is a satire on the way in which old men uphold the merits of the past generation. Theobald wished to substitute *a nobleman*.

106. **galliard**, a dance involving agility. Fr. *gaillard*, described by Sir John Davies as being danced "with lofty turnes and caprioles in the air".

107. **caper** in the sense of a jump is from Lat. *caper*, 'a goat'.

109. **backtrick**, no doubt the technical name for a particular 'caper'.

113. **Mrs. Mall's picture.** The point of this allusion has been lost. There was a certain Mary Frith, known as 'Mall Cutpurse', who became very notorious a few years after this play was written, and who was the heroine of *The Roaring Girl*, a play by Middleton and Dekker; but she can hardly have become famous by this time, though no doubt there were pictures of her made later, which the owners would not have displayed to the public eye. It must be remembered, however, that though the play was written in 1601, the earliest edition known is that of 1623; and a topical allusion may easily have been inserted in the interval. Hanging a curtain before a picture seems to have been a common custom. So Olivia, at 5. 251: "We will draw the curtain and show you the picture".

114. **coranto**, another dance requiring great activity.

117. **under the star of a galliard**, 'a star favourable to dancing'. It was a common belief that the conjunction of planets under which a man was born influenced his physical and mental constitution as well as his character and his destiny. So he who is born under Jupiter is of a 'jovial' temperament, he who is born under Mercury is 'mercurial'. Astrological references are common throughout Shakespeare, and abound in this play. Cf. 4. 35, ii. 1. 3, &c.

118. **indifferent well**, fairly well. So 5. 265, "item, two lips, indifferent red".

119. **flame-coloured**: Ff. *dam'd coloured*. The emendation is Pope's, but the only thing that we can be sure of is that some striking colour was meant. Phelps proposed *damson-coloured*, which is perhaps the likeliest correction.

119. **stock**, 'stocking'. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 67, "With a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other".

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121. Taurus. See note, *supra*, 117. Chaucer agrees with neither Sir Toby nor Sir Andrew, but attributes the neck and throat to the 'governance' of Taurus.

Scene 4.

Viola has carried out her intention of taking service with Orsino as a page, and has assumed the name of Cesario.

4. humour; either (1) 'disposition' generally or (2) 'fickleness'. For (1) cf. *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4. 256, "What humour is the prince of?" For (2) cf. *Merchant*, iv. 1. 43—

> "You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
> A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
> Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that,
> But say it is my humour".

The bodily health and disposition were supposed to be dependent on the proper admixture of the four 'humours', viz. blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, which corresponded to the four 'elements'. A 'humorous' person was one in whom the admixture did not consist of the right proportions.

6. that = 'seeing that'. See note on i. 1. 10.

12. but = 'than'. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 2. 83, "They would have no more discretion but to hang us".

13. unclasp'd...the book. Steevens quotes *1 Henry IV.*, i. 3. 188, "And now I will unclasp a secret book".

15. access. Observe that the accent is on the second syllable. So always in Shakespeare, except *Hamlet*, ii. 1. 110, "I did repel his letters, and denied his access to me". Many words were accented differently in Shakespeare's day and at the present time. See Appendix B, § 6. 1.

19. as it is spoke, 'as it is said'. Cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 154—

> "And 't is spoken,
> To the succeeding royalty he leaves
> The healing benediction".

19. spoke. When the past participle terminated in *-en* (as in 'taken', 'spoken', 'shaken'), the general tendency to dropping inflexional terminations often led to the substitution of the form of the past tense ('took', 'spoke', 'shook'). Cf. 5. 120, "Thou hast spoke for us, madonna"; 282, "He might have took his answer long ago", &c. So also we have 'writ' and 'forgot'. *Sh. Gr.* § 343.

20. civil bounds, 'bounds of civility'. See Glossary, 'bound'.

27. aspect: accented on the second syllable. Cf. *Merchant*, ii. 1. 8—

> "I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
> Hath feared the valiant".

Cf. note on *access*, line 15, and Appendix B, § 6 (i.).

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29. **yet,** 'for some time to come'.

31. **rubious,** 'ruby-red'. The word does not occur elsewhere.

31. **pipe,** 'voice'.

32. **sound,** *i.e.* 'not yet cracked'.

33. **semblative,** 'resembling': not found elsewhere.

33. **a woman's part,** *i.e.* like that of one who acts a woman's part in a play. At this time the women's parts were always taken by boys. There is a story of a delay occurring during the performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, because the heroine was being shaved.

34. **thy constellation.** Cf. note on 3. 142.

34. **apt,** 'well-fitted'.

38, 39. 'And thou shalt live as free to call thy lord's fortunes thine as he to call them his', *i.e.* 'Thou shalt share thy lord's fortunes'.

40. **barful,** 'full of impediments'.

Scene 5.

The clown, or jester, in attendance in great houses, is a familiar figure, taking a leading part in *As You Like It*, and in *Lear*. Here, however, he has neither the philosophy of Touchstone nor the pathos of the fool in *Lear*.

2. **so wide as a bristle may;** 'that' after 'as' is omitted; so frequently, just as the converse omission of 'so', &c., before 'that' is common. See *Sh. Gr.* 307.

5. **fear no colours.** Feste—we learn from ii. 4. 11, that this was his name—is playing upon 'colours' and 'collars', as 'dolours' and 'dollars' are played upon in the *Tempest*, ii. 1. 18. To 'fear no colours' is a soldier's expression for 'fear no one, under whatever colours he fights', while he who has worn a hempen cravat need fear no collar.

8. **lenten,** 'lean', 'dry' (Johnson); 'short', like the 'short commons' of the season of fasting (Steevens).

15. **absent; or, to be turned away, is.** The construction, if this punctuation be adopted, is simple. The Ff. read *absent, or to be turned away: is.* If this be retained, I suppose that 'will be' is again supplied = 'you will be to be turned away'.

17. **Many a good hanging,** &c. Montaigne has two stories of a Picard and a Dane, who were going to be executed, and were each offered a reprieve on condition of marrying a girl who in one case was lame and in the other plain. In each case the offer was declined. The stories may have been common property, but Florio's translation of Montaigne was not published till after this play was produced. A somewhat similar tale is told in Browning's "Muckle-mouthed Meg".

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18. **for turning away**, &c. The obvious meaning is, that the season being summer, Feste does not strongly object to losing his situation. It has, however, been ingeniously suggested that the jester is punning on 'turning away' and 'turning o' whey'. Yet another alternative is 'the summer will settle that', inasmuch as she will feel the want of him before it is over.

21. Maria's reply turns on the meaning of the word 'points' which was used for the laces with which the hose were fastened up. Cf. the pun in *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 4. 238, "Their [sword] points being broken—Down fell their hose". Blackstone explains 'points' as an arrangement of 'hooks and eyes'; but other references—*e.g.* "a silken point", *1 Henry IV.*, i. 53—certainly imply that they were laces.

21. **That** for 'so that'. Cf. i. 1. 10, note.

22. **gaskins**, loose breeches; so called from 'Gascony'. Sometimes we find the form 'galligaskins'. Hence, another derivation, from *garguesques* = *gregesques* = Greek. See Glossary.

23. **apt**, 'to the point'.

24. The Clown, being fairly matched in the encounter of wits, reverts with success to a personality, implying that Maria is trying to catch Sir Toby for a husband—as she does at the end of the play.

27. **you were best**, 'it were best for you'. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iii. 3. 13, "Ay, and truly, you were best". Properly, the construction is impersonal, 'you' being dative. This being misunderstood, the erroneous personal construction 'I were best', in place of 'me were best', came into general use. *Sh. Gr.* 230, 352.

31. **Quinapalus.** The Clown is given to inventing high-sounding and learned names. Cf. ii. 3. 23. The learning of the day was apt to be accompanied by a pedantry which was somewhat fantastic, and this is the object of Feste's ridicule.

32. *Enter Olivia.* Olivia and the Duke have this in common, that they both find a genuine satisfaction in nursing their melancholy and making an extravagant parade of it; while neither of them is nearly as much wrapped up in it as both persuade themselves that they are. In fact, each is secretly rather tired of keeping up the play, and distinctly relieved when a plausible opportunity offers for dropping it. Olivia, in particular, is already obviously beginning to be in want of a new 'sensation' if she can get it without loss of dignity. Hence her readiness to be gracious to the fool, after a small show of formal indignation. Feste is alive to the situation, or his 'proof' (72–77) would be too audacious even for him.

35. The Clown saves himself from the punishment with which Maria had threatened him by making the attack himself.

36. **dry**, 'dull'. Cf. note on 3. 77.

37. **dishonest**, 'badly behaved', as 'honest' is used generally for 'respectable', 'decently conducted'. There is perhaps a refer-

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ence to improprieties of a more specific kind implied in Feste's prolonged absence without leave.

38. **madonna**, 'my lady'. Feste addresses Olivia by this title frequently, but it occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare.

41. **botcher**, 'patcher', 'cobbler'.

42. **patched.** The jester's clothes were 'patched' or parti-coloured; therefore, if he did not amend himself, the botcher was still bound to 'patch' him.

44. **This simple syllogism.** A syllogism is a logical statement consisting of three propositions, of which, if the two first (the 'premisses') be true, the third must be so also. Feste has not stated his simple syllogism, but his argument is that he and Olivia are in the same case—he is sin patched with repentance; she is virtue patched with transgression: both, therefore, are 'patches'—*ergo*, both are fools.

45, 46. At this stage Feste takes refuge in deliberate nonsense, a device to which he is always ready to turn when an apposite remark fails him. It has the advantage of setting the listener off in search of a subtle witticism; or, in the case of Sir Andrew, of making him sure that something vastly witty has been said because he cannot see where the point lies.

49. **misprision**, misapprehension. **In the highest degree** introduces a play upon the legal use of the term in 'misprision of treason' or 'of felony', *i.e.* knowledge of the crime coupled with concealment of it.

49, 50. **cucullus**, &c. 'It is not the cowl that makes the monk'. The clown airs his long words and scraps of Latin with unction. Here the interpretation is, 'it is not the suit of motley that makes the fool'.

54. **dexteriously**, doubtless an intentional mispronunciation. The form, however, actually occurs in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.

56. **good my mouse.** Cf. ii. 3. 191, note on "dear my sweet". **mouse**, an endearing term—the clown deliberately straining his privileges to the utmost so as to make it all the more difficult for Olivia to revert to her other complaint against him.

69. **decays**, 'causes to decay'. So in Sonnet lxv. 8—

> "rocks impregnable are not so stout,
> Nor gates of steel so strong but time decays".

76. **barren**, 'dull', as in i. 3. 84.

77. **ordinary**, *i.e.* one who has not attained the position of an 'allowed' or 'set kind of' fool.

81. **crow**, 'laugh aloud'. So Jaques in *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 30, "My lungs began to crow like chanticleer".

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81. **these set kind of fools.** 'Kind of', 'sort of', followed by a plural, are often incorrectly treated as forming a plural noun, accompanied by a plural pronoun. So *Lear*, ii. 2. 107, "These kind of knaves I know". *Sh. Gr.* 212.

82. **fools' zanies,** the buffoons who attended performing fools or tumblers, like the clowns in a modern circus. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, iv. 1—

> "He's like the zany to a tumbler
> That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh".

82. **zany:** for derivation see Glossary.

84. **distempered,** 'disordered'.

85. **bird-bolts,** short blunt arrows.

86. **allowed,** 'licensed'. See Glossary.

87. **nor no railing:** the double negative is common in Shakespeare. Cf. ii. 1. 1, "nor will you not that I go with you?" and iv. 1. 6, "nor I am not sent to you by my lady", &c.

89. **leasing,** 'lying'. Mercury was the patron of thieves, and consequently skill in lying (which Feste regards as a useful accomplishment) would be a natural gift for him to bestow. Warburton calls this a "stupid blunder" of the printers, and wishes to read *pleasing*, which would have no connection with Mercury, and would be most uncomplimentary to Olivia, as implying that she was not already endowed with the power of pleasing.

91. **a young gentleman much desires.** This omission of the relative is common. Cf. *Merchant*, i. 1. 175, "I have a mind presages me such thrift". Other instances in this play occur at ii. 1. 21; 4. 110; &c.

98. **speaks nothing but madman,** *i.e.* in the character of madman. Cf. *Henry V.*, v. 2. 156, "I speak to thee plain soldier".

103. **spoke:** see i. 4. 20, note on 'spoke'.

105. **for—here he comes—one:** Ff. *here he comes one.* Former editors read *here comes*; but, whereas the printers might very easily have dropped the hyphens (which the Cambridge edd. inserted), they would not have been likely to insert 'he'. In emending the text, it is important to credit printers with probable, not improbable errors.

105. **pia mater,** properly the membrane covering the brain, and so transferred to the brain itself.

106. **What is he.** Cf. i. 2. 35, note.

110. Sir Toby's speech is interrupted by the results of his potations, which he proceeds to attribute to pickle-herring. He has, in fact, passed the cheerful and reached the irritable stage of intoxication.

124. **crowner,** 'coroner'. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 1. 20, "Ay marry is't: crowner's quest law". See Glossary.

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129. **yond**, 'yonder'.

136. **Has.** For the omission of 'he' cf. v. 1. 192, "Has hurt me".

137. **a sheriff's post**, the post fixed by the sheriff's door for proclamations and announcements.

142. **of very ill manner.** The grave Malvolio condescends to a solemn jest, out of consideration, no doubt, for his mistress's weakness.

146. **a squash**, 'an unripe peascod'. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 191—

"*Bot.* Your name, honest gentleman?
Peas. Peaseblossom.
Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father."

146. **codling**, 'an unripe apple'.

147. **in standing water**, *i.e.* 'at the turn of the tide' when it is neither ebbing nor flowing. Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 221—

"*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so; to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me."

149. **shrewishly**, 'sharply'. 'Shrewdly' is the same word in origin. See Glossary.

162. **con**, 'learn by heart'. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3. 98—

"all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned and conn'd by rote".

163. **comptible**, 'sensitive', '*easy* to call to account'; not as Warburton took it, '*ready* to call to account', a remark which would be neither diplomatic nor in character.

166. **modest**, 'moderate', 'enough to satisfy me'.

170. **my profound heart.** 'My heart' or 'my hearts' (as in ii. 3. 15, q.v.) is a common form of affectionate or general address, but is somewhat familiar for even so audacious a young gentleman as Viola.

173. **usurp** = 'counterfeit'. So *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. 1. 131—

"I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman".

176. **from my commission**, 'outside' it. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 1. 74—

"he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once".

176. **I will on.** For omission of verb of motion, cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 1. 69, "This way will I".

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183, 184. **If you be not mad**, &c. Commentators, not seeing the distinction between 'not mad' and 'having reason', have proposed *if you be mad*, to make an antithesis. But the point is 'to stay is mere madness, but if you are bent on giving reasons be brief'.

185. **that time of moon**. Lunatics were supposed to be at their worst at full moon. Olivia means that she is not so very mad herself.

185. **skipping**, 'flighty', 'silly'. Cf. *Henry IV.*, iii. 2. 60, "the skipping king".

188. **swabber**, 'scrubber', one employed in swabbing or cleaning the decks on board ship.

188. **to hull**, to lie without hoisting sail.

189. **your giant**, 'your big guardian', Maria being evidently a small person. Sir Toby calls her 'The youngest wren of nine'. Perhaps an additional point would be given from the fact that it was at one time fashionable for ladies to have dwarfs in attendance.

190. **Tell me your mind**, &c. Usually given to Viola, but this seems to lack point. Perhaps something is omitted. The reading here adopted is Warburton's. Viola would imply by this that she is not there to speak her own mind, but to deliver a message.

193. **courtesy**, 'when it demands so much ceremony'.

194. 'It concerns your ear alone'.

195. **taxation of homage**, 'claim for homage'.

200. **my entertainment**, 'my reception'.

203. **divinity**: Olivia goes on playing on Viola's phrase and treats her 'divinity' as a theological discourse.

217. **draw the curtain**. Cf. 3. 135, note, *sub fin.*

218. **Such a one I was this present**: the reading is hardly satisfactory. Hunter explains, 'such a one I was a few minutes ago'. Singer conjectures *as this presents:* which is plausible, since 'as' might have been dropped, coming immediately after 'was'. The change from 'present' to 'presents' is, however, superfluous. In any case, the sense seems to be 'you can see now what I looked like when Orsino saw me'.

220. **ingrain**, *i.e.* a 'fast' colour which will not wash out; a colour used in the manufacture, not laid on afterwards.

221. Viola is quite above that supposed weakness of her sex by which they are held incapable of perceiving a rival's beauty. Her praise is obviously perfectly sincere and unpremeditated.

221. **blent**, 'blended'. Formed on the analogy of 'bent', 'spent', &c. 'Blent' and 'blended' exist side by side, just as do 'bent' and 'bended'.

223. **the cruell'st she**. For 'she' used as a substantive = woman, cf. *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 10, "The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she".

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228. **labelled to my will,** attached to my will by a label or codicil.

229. **indifferent red.** Cf. "indifferent well", i. 3. 118.

231. **praise:** this should perhaps be printed '*praise* for 'appraise', which is clearly the meaning. So *Troilus*, iii. 2. 97, "Praise us as we are tasted".

232. **I see you what you are.** Cf. 2. 53, "Conceal me what I am", and note on the passage.

235, 236. 'The most perfect beauty would not be an excessive reward.'

236. For scansion, see App. B, § 3 (iv.).

237. The line as it stands in the Folio, "with adorations, fertile tears", can only be scanned if *adorations* is made five syllables and *tears* is made a dissyllable (cf. App. B, § 6 (viii.)), as it clearly is once in *Titus*, v. 3. 166, "Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss" (*Sh. Gr.* 480). The Cambridge editors, however, suppose that an epithet for *adorations*—which would work out the idea of *fire*, air, and water attached to the three following phrases—has been dropped. A very simple but not probable correction is to insert 'with', or 'and with' after 'adorations'.

242. **In voices well divulged,** 'in popular talk well-reputed'.

242. **free,** 'noble'. Cf. "of free disposition", line 99.

244. For scansion, see App. B, § 3 (iv.).

244. **gracious,** 'graceful', 'beautiful'.

245. **took;** for the form see 4. 20, note.

246. **in my master's flame,** 'with a passion like his'.

249. **what would you,** 'what do you desire'. Viola, however, constructs her next sentence as if Olivia had said: 'what would you do?'

250. **me,** ethic dative = "for myself", cf. 2. 53, note, *sub fin.*

252. **cantons.** *Canto,* 'a song': *canzone,* 'a little song'. 'Canton' appears to be a form between the two, arising perhaps from *canto, cantone,* 'corner'. Malone quotes the word from *The London Prodigal* and Heywood's preface to *Britayne's Troy.*

254. **reverberate** = 'reverberant', 'echoing'. Shakespeare occasionally uses active for passive forms (as 'inexpressive' for 'inexpressible') and conversely passive for active forms as here. Cf. 'deceivable' used for 'deceptive' at iv. 3. 21, and 'emulate' in *Hamlet*, i. 1. 83, "pricked on by a most emulate pride".

257. **air and earth,** the 'reverberate hills', and 'the gossip of the air'.

258. **but,** 'without', so 'unless'. So often. Cf. *Merchant*, v. 208—

"I'll die for't but some woman had the ring".

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267. fee'd post, 'paid messenger'.

275. blazon, the heraldic proclamation of the armorial bearings. The announcement was preceded by a 'blast' in the trumpet; 'blazon' and 'blast' being from the same word. For the scansion see App. B, § 5 (iv.). 'Soft; soft' is extra-metrical.

276. unless, &c. Of course, this phrase is only a bit of what Olivia is thinking, which is to the effect that "This would be absurd; unless the master—who is in love with me—were the man with whom I am falling in love". Hanmer reads, 'unless the man the master were'; but Olivia's feeling at the moment is, not that she wishes Viola, who is not in love with her, were the duke, but that she wishes the duke, who *is* in love with her, were Viola.

278–280. I feel this youth's perfections To creep in... 'To' might be either retained or omitted, after 'feel', in Shakespeare's time. Now it would be always omitted. Cf. note on **1.** 16, and *Sh. gr.* 349.

281. For scansion, see App. B, § 3 (iv.), and § 5 (vi.).

282. peevish, 'wayward', 'malapert'. See Glossary.

283. The county's man. F 1. has *counte's man*, the rest *count's*. Shakespeare probably meant the word to be sounded as a dissyllable. Where there is an earlier Quarto edition, 'countie' is found for 'count', corrected to 'counte' in F 1. and to 'count' in later editions.

285. flatter with. Cf. *Richard II.*, ii. 1. 88, "Should dying men flatter with those that live?"

287. if that. Cf. 2, 48, "though that", and note.

290, 291. 'Fear to find the admiration of my eyes too powerful for my mind to resist'.

292. owe, own. 'Owe' and 'own', *i.e.* 'owen', are the same verb, but in the latter form the infinitive inflection is retained. In Shakespeare 'owe' in the sense of 'possess' is much commoner than 'own'. See *Sh. Gr.* p. 290. Inflexional affixes were being generally discarded.

Act II.—Scene I.

This scene is clearly misplaced. It will be seen that a night intervenes between ii. 2, and the concluding scenes of the play; whereas a night does *not* intervene between Sebastian's parting from Antonio and the final scene. Observe that in spite of Sebastian's extreme youth he has the manners and capacities of a man. Men and women developed much earlier three centuries ago.

1. Nor will you not. The double negative is frequent. Cf. i. 5. 102, "nor no railing in a discreet man", and note.

3. My stars. Cf. the note on astrology, i. 3 142.

9. sooth, 'in truth'.

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9. **determinate voyage,** 'settled journeying'.

10. **extravagancy,** 'vagrancy'; *i.e.* 'I have really no "determinate" voyage at all'. Shakespeare does not use the word elsewhere, but he has the adjective in the corresponding sense—*Hamlet*, i. 1. 154, "The extravagant and erring spirit", and *Othello*, i. 1. 137—

"an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere".

11. **touch,** 'delicate feeling'. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 286—

"Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness".

13. **it charges me,** 'I am called upon'.

14. **express,** 'reveal'.

16. **Messaline.** The name is repeated at v. 231, where Viola says, "Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father". There is no such place known, and Shakespeare was probably thinking of Messina or Mitylene; but there is no justification for altering the text, as Hanmer proposed.

18. **so ended,** *i.e.* in the same hour. Sebastian does not mean he wishes that they had died when they were born, but that he had not survived his sister.

19. **some hour,** 'an hour or so'. 'Some' is merely indefinite.

19. **breach,** 'breaking': *i.e.* 'from the breaking waves'.

21. **a lady, sir, though.** Observe the (quite common) omission of the relative; previously noted at i. 5. 91.

23. **such estimable wonder,** 'admiration that estimates so highly', the passive form 'estimable' being used for the active, like 'reverberate' for 'reverberant' in i. 5. 254, where see note; and cf. the converse use of 'unexpressive' for 'inexpressible'. The general sense is 'considering that she was held to be exactly like me, my admiration could not esteem her fairness so highly that I could quite believe she was beautiful'.

24. **publish her,** 'speak of her openly'

27. **with more,** *i.e.* 'with salt tears'.

29. **your trouble,** 'the trouble I cause you'.

34. **the manners of my mother.** Cf. *Henry V.*, iv. 6. 31, "And all my mother came into mine eyes".

Scene 2.

5. **To have taken it,** 'by taking it'. The inflexional form of the infinitive in *-en* was falling out of use, and 'to' being substituted. But 'to' belonged properly to the *gerund*; hence the infinitive with 'to' often took the place of the gerund with 'to' or some other pre-

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position. Here it stands for 'by taking'. So *Richard II.*, ii. 2. 95, "But I shall grieve you to repeat the rest". Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 356.

7. **desperate assurance**, 'hopeless certainty'.

8. **so hardy to come**, 'so hardy as to come'. Cf. *Merchant*, iii. 3. 9—

> "I do wonder,
> Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
> To come abroad with him".

10. **Receive it so**, 'take it, on that understanding'. Steevens, however, takes 'receive' = 'understand' as we have 'receiving' = 'understanding' at iii. i. 131.

11. This line seriously puzzled Malone, who thought Viola ought to have made the more truthful remark, 'she took *no* ring of me'. But her actual words are indeed extremely characteristic. Viola, with her quickness of wit, sees that Olivia is sending her the ring under an imaginary pretext: and accordingly plays the part assigned to her without hesitation. She is far too generous to rouse Malvolio's suspicions by denying Olivia's story, or allowing any expression of surprise to escape her.

12. **peevishly**, 'impudently'. See Glossary.

13. **so**; *i.e.* with no more respect than you showed.

14. **In your eye**, 'under your eyes'.

16. **not**. After 'forbid', and other like words containing a negative idea, we no longer insert 'not'; its presence being a sort of example of the double negative, of which instances are quoted in the note at i. 5. 102.

18. **sure**, omitted in the first Folio. The correct reading is not now possible to ascertain.

18. **lost**, 'caused her to lose'; or as we might put it 'had lost her her tongue'.

24. **She were better**. Cf. i. 5. 32, note on 'you were best'.

26. **pregnant**, 'quick witted', the opposite of 'barren', i. 3. 73.

27. **proper-false**, 'handsome but false'. 'Proper' is so used constantly in Shakespeare, and Moses is described in the A. V. as a "proper child".

31. **fadge**, 'succeed'. See Glossary. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 154—

> "We will have, if this fadge not, an antique".

32. **fond**, 'dote', as the adjective 'fond' is used for 'doting'. The word is not elsewhere used as a verb. But see Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 290.

34, 35. **as I am man**, &c., either (1) 'in my character of serving-man, I despair of my master's love for Olivia being requited'; or (2)

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'having assumed the part of a man, I despair of winning my master's love'.

39. **to untie,** scanned as 't' untie'. App. B, § 3 (ii.).

Scene 3.

Both Sir Toby and the Clown are at more pains to enjoy puzzling Sir Andrew than to be actually witty themselves, and are quite content on occasion to talk pure nonsense simply for the sake of seeing its effect on the knight.

2. **betimes.** The small hours of the morning are early; to be up then is to be up early, and to go to bed then is to go to bed early; therefore he who goes to bed after midnight is up early, and goes to bed early, and manifestly keeps the healthful hours of the proverb.

2. **diluculo;** the full phrase '*diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*'—'to be up early is most healthful'—comes from Lilly's Latin Grammar. Sir Toby is having a quiet hit at Sir Andrew's complete ignorance; as the phrase would be quite familiar to half the audience.

9. **the four elements,** earth, air, fire, and water, to which the four 'humours' corresponded (see note on i. 4. 5). Cf. *Julius Caesar*, v. 5. 73—

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

13. **stoup,** 'cup', not a measure; the capacity varied.

16. **we three,** a picture which in some form or other seems to have been common in country inns; two asses or fools being represented with an inscription which the spectator was supposed to read and apply to himself, "We three loggerheads be".

18. **breast,** 'voice'. Not so used elsewhere in Shakespeare; but Ben Jonson, Heywood, Fletcher, and other contemporary writers have it.

21. **Pigrogromitus,** &c. There is no particular point or allusion in these remarks of the Clown's, or apparently in his answer to Sir Andrew. Mr. Swinburne attributes some of the names he coins to the influence of Rabelais. His inclination to use long words with no meaning when in the knight's company has been already noted.

32. **testril,** sixpence. 'Testril' and 'tester' (*2 Henry IV.*, iii. 2. 296) are both corruptions of 'teston', the name of a small French coin with a head (*teste, tête*) on it. The value varied.

33. Either the Clown simply interrupts, or some words have been lost.

33. **A song of good life,** a song with a moral; so at least Sir Andrew interprets it. It hardly follows that this was what the Clown himself meant, however.

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4°. **sweet and twenty.** The ordinary interpretation is that the lady addressed is 'sweet and twenty'. Mr. Wright, however, is sure that 'twenty' if not 'sweet' applies to the kisses—'a score of sweet kisses'. *Twenty* is of course commonly used as a round number equivalent to 'a great many'.

This tune was in print in 1599, which is probably earlier than the play. The song therefore may not have been Shakespeare's own; possibly the Clown's numerous songs were popular ditties imported into the play for the benefit of a particular actor. There is so near a kinship in the singers of Elizabeth's day that "internal evidence" would never warrant us in positively attributing any one song to Shakespeare.

51. **contagious.** Sir Toby merely uses the word as a trap for Sir Andrew, into which the latter straightway falls.

54. **welkin,** 'the sky'.

55. **draw three souls out of one weaver.** Music was credited with the power of drawing men's souls out of their bodies. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 61, "Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies". The 'three' souls is merely an exaggeration, though Warburton discovered in it a learned reference to the doctrine of certain philosophers that every man has three souls. As to 'weaver', there is probably a double point. There were a number of refugee weavers in England, most of whom were probably poverty-stricken, and certainly Puritans, therefore by no means ready to have one soul drawn out by a tavern catch, not to speak of three. There may also be a hit at the Puritan Malvolio implied.

57. **dog at a catch,** a slang phrase for 'good at a catch'.

66. **caterwauling,** 'wawing', *i.e.* 'miaowing' like a cat, 'a cats' concert'.

69. Sir Toby is hopelessly confused in his epithets, which he applies without any consideration for their appropriateness.

69. **Cataian,** 'Cathayan', inhabitant of Cathay, *e.g.* China, a term implying cheating and roguery, for which apparently the 'heathen Chinee' had already acquired a reputation. Cf. *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 148, "I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man".

69. **politicians:** if Sir Toby means anything in particular, which is doubtful, it is that he and his companion are occupied with serious affairs of state.

70. **Peg-a-Ramsey** conveys nothing. There were two tunes under that name extant in Shakespeare's time, but the words are lost. It is probable that if they were found they would not make sense out of Sir Toby's remark.

70. **Three merry men,** here the knight breaks into song. There are numbers of old songs which have these words as a refrain. Per-

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haps at the time the song from Peele's *Old Wives Tale* (1595) was familiar—

> "Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
> And three merrie men be wee:
> I in the wood and thou on the ground,
> And Jacke sleepes in the tree".

71. **Tilly vally.** Cf. *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4. 90, "Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me". It is hardly necessary to find a derivation for it, though Steevens refers us to Plautus and *titivilitium*, and Douce explains it as a French hunting phrase, for which 'tally-ho' would have done equally well.

71. The word **Lady** suggests another song with 'Lady, lady', as its refrain. Warton says this is the *Ballad of Susanna* (1562). Several other songs had the refrain.

73. **Beshrew me**, 'ill befall me'. See Glossary, *s.v.* Shrew.

80. **wit**, 'sense'.

80. **honesty**, 'propriety'. So Olivia before charged the Clown with "growing dishonest", meaning that his conduct was irregular.

82. **coziers**, 'tailors', of the class previously referred to as 'botchers', *i.e.* patchers or menders. Malvolio may mean to imply that their catches are mere patchwork, but this seems a rather needlessly recondite explanation. See Glossary.

85. Sir Toby particularly enjoys turning Malvolio's phrases into something they were not intended to convey.

85. **sneck-up**, 'go and be hanged'.

86. **round**, 'direct', 'unceremonious'. The adverb is so used very commonly, but how this meaning arose is not obvious. Cf. *Henry V.*, iv. 1. 216, "Your reproof is something too round". Perhaps the idea of 'thoroughness' is the origin of this sense.

104. **out o' tune, sir: ye lie.** This appears to be addressed to Malvolio, and is a fuddled reminiscence of Sir Toby's idea that the steward had accused him of not keeping time. Others, however, take it as addressed to Feste in answer to the last remark.

105. This is a very plain allusion to Malvolio's Puritanism, and his consequent objection to the church festivals, which were the occasion of much merry-making and the consumption of 'cakes and ale' on a large scale. To the Puritans, the cakes and ale were not only to be condemned in themselves as riotous excesses, but their connection with the feast days and ceremonies of the discarded religion rendered them marks also of superstition.

109. **rub your chain with crumbs**, *i.e.* polish up your badge of office; 'mind your own business'.

113. **uncivil rule**, 'unmannerly behaviour'.

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114. **go shake your ears**, like an ass. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, iv. 1. 28—

> "turn him off
> Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
> And graze in commons".

115. **as good a deed as to drink.** Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 1. 32, "An 't were not as good a deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain".

116. **to challenge him the field**, *i.e.* to single combat. Considering that Sir Andrew is so drunk as to talk of 'a-hungry' when he means 'thirsty', it is very unnecessary to follow the commentators who desire to correct his grammar and read 'to the field'.

123. **gull**, 'deceive', 'make a gull of him'.

123. **nayword.** The sense here seems to be 'by-word'. Elsewhere Shakespeare uses it for 'password', *e.g. Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 131, "In any case have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind". The origin is uncertain, but the form is still in use in the provinces.

126. **possess us**, 'tell us all about it'. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 290—

> "Possess the people in Messina here
> How innocent she died".

127. **puritan.** This term for the extreme anti-Roman section of the Reformers who made a special point of austerity in manners occurs in Shakespeare only in *All's Well* and the *Winter's Tale.* It has often been said that the character of Malvolio is intended as a hit at the Puritans, with whom the playwrights were already waging war. But from line 134 it may reasonably be surmised that the steward's faults are not to be attributed to his Puritanism. Maria seems to imply that her hatred of him is due to his *pretence* of Puritanism—she could have forgiven him if it was genuine. On the other hand, to the drunken knight it is the genuine Puritan who is to be beaten like a dog. The conclusion, if any conclusion can be based on such slight data, is that Shakespeare could respect a genuine Puritan, while considering the sham article a legitimate subject for mockery. See App. A.

129. **exquisite**, 'subtle'.

134. **time-pleaser**, 'time server'. So also in *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 45.

134. **affection'd**, 'affected'. It is probable that 'affection' is used for 'affectation' in *Love's Labour*, v. 1. 4, where it is the reading of the First Folio, though changed in the others; and in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 464, where it is the reading of the Quartos, but changed in the Folios.

134. **cons**, 'learns by heart'. Cf. i. 5. 186, and note. The whole phrase means 'he has learnt up state (*e.g.* 'deportment') as an actor

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learns his part till he can perform it without book, and deliver it in bundles'.

134. **state.** Cf. *Love's Labour*, v. 2. 298, "keep some state in thy exit, and so vanish".

135. **swarths,** otherwise written 'swath', the bundle of grass or hay that falls to each sweep of the mower's scythe. The word is of course used contemptuously.

135. **the best persuaded,** 'with the best opinion of himself'.

143. **expressure,** 'expression'. Cf. 'impressure' for 'impression', 5. 103.

152. **of that colour,** 'of that kind'. Cf. *As You Like It*, i. 2. 107, "Sport! of what colour?"

153. **And your horse.** Tyrwhitt considered this too apt a jest for Sir Andrew, and assigns it to Sir Toby. The error, if there is one, might be explained by 'And' in the MS. being taken for '*And*', standing for Sir Andrew.

161. **Penthesilea,** Queen of the Amazons, and presumably of heroic mould. A jibe at Maria, who is a little woman. Cf. i. 5. 218, where Viola says, "some mollification for your giant", and note *sub loc.*

162. **Before me,** a harmless alteration for the oath 'Before God'.

163. **one that adores me.** Sir Toby is now in the 'glorious' stage, while Sir Andrew follows suit. But cf. i. 5. 29.

168. **recover,** 'attain', not necessarily 'get *back*'. Cf. *Two Gentlemen*, v. 1. 12—

> "the forest is not three leagues off;
> If we recover that, we are sure enough".

168. **a foul way out,** 'very much mistaken'.

170. **send for money.** Sir Toby's object in making Sir Andrew woo Olivia is, quite obviously, that he may have the knight's purse at his disposal. He would be the last person to expect the suit to succeed.

171. **call me cut.** The word 'curtal' was applied to a horse or a dog whose tail had been docked. In the case of the horse, this was abbreviated into 'cut', as in the case of the dog it was abbreviated into 'cur'. So a 'cut' is to a good horse what a 'cur' is to a good dog. (See Glossary, however.) The word is not so used elsewhere in Shakespeare, but its origin may be illustrated by 'cut and long tail' = 'of all sorts', in *Merry Wives*, iii. 4. 47.

173. **burn,** *i.e.* 'mull'.

173. **sack,** a special class of wines; but chiefly applied to Xeres (whence Sherry) and Canary. The name came from the French *sec*, and Spanish *seco*, 'dry', applied to these wines. 'Dry', however, is not used in the sense in which we apply the term to wine; but meant wine made from grapes which were much dried by the sun.

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Scene 4.

Here, as before, the Duke's enjoyment of music is exceedingly wayward and fitful. His explanation (lines 17 and following) is ingenious, nevertheless the admission at line 34 hints that he is becoming alive to the fact that his constitution has more to do with his fitfulness than the ardour of his passion.

3. **antique**, 'quaint', as may be seen from the companion form 'antic', in which the idea of age has altogether given place to that of absurdity.

4. **passion**, 'the fever of his love', for which Orsino regards music as a sort of medicine (as in the opening lines of the play). Mr. Wright, however, takes it to mean 'suffering'.

5. **recollected terms**: an obscure phrase; apparently conveying the same sort of idea as 'light airs'. Mr. Wright says it means 'phrases collected with pains', which might be true if it did not appear wholly inappropriate. Johnson explains it as 'repeated phrases', referring to the repetition of musical phrases by composers.

17. **motions**, 'emotions'. Cf. *Merchant*, v. 86, "The motions of his spirit are dull as night". Similarly we have 'praise'='appraise' (i. 5. 231), ''haviour'='behaviour' (iii. 4. 188), &c.

24. **favour**, 'countenance'. Cf. iii. 4. 303, "No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well".

25. **by your favour**. Viola plays on the Duke's use of the word, though he, of course, does not see the secondary meaning.

29. **too old**. This piece of advice has been traditionally taken as Shakespeare's private reflection on his own folly in having married Ann Hathaway, who was older than himself. But Shakespeare was not in the habit of making his characters mouthpieces; the Duke's opinion must, in this case as in others, be taken for what it is worth, as his own view and not necessarily that of the poet.

30. 'Adapts herself to him, and rules his heart steadily.'

32–35. Orsino is generalizing from his own case, although a few lines later he vehemently protests that a man's love is much stronger than a woman's (see 96 and following lines).

37. **hold the bent**, keep the direction steady. Cf. *Romeo*, ii. 2. 143, "If that thy bent of love be honourable".

45. **free**, 'careless'.

45. **that weave their threads with bones**, *i.e.* 'lace-makers', who were in the habit of using bones for pins in their craft.

46. **silly sooth**, 'simple truth'.

47. **dallies**, 'plays'.

48. **the old age**, 'the good old days'.

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51. **Song.** It has been objected that the song does not answer to the Duke's description: nevertheless, a song of the woeful fate of a swain who dies of love may very fitly be described as 'dallying with the innocence of love', especially by the Duke, who would rather like to believe that he is dying of love himself. However, it is quite possible that this is not the original song. Cf. the previous note on Feste's songs, at ii. 3. 48.

52. **cypress.** This may mean either a 'coffin of cypress wood' (the cypress and the yew being alike funereal), or a 'shroud of cyprus crape'. Either would be quite appropriate. Malone objected that as the shroud is white (line 55), 'sad' would be a wrong epithet for the material; but the sadness is not in the colour but in the fact of its being used as a shroud. Crape was certainly manufactured in Cyprus, and the material is mentioned as 'cypresse' in various places; *e.g. Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 221, "Cyprus black as e'er was crow": and in this play, iii. 1. 110—

> "A cypress, not a bosom,
> Hideth my heart".

See Glossary.

65. **Sad true lover never find my grave.** The scansion of this line has troubled the commentators; but irregularities are permissible in a song. It may, however, be observed that both 'lover' and 'never' may be read as monosyllables on occasion. App. B, § 6 (vii.).

72. A polite way of giving the Clown leave to leave him.

74. **taffeta,** silk. 'Changeable taffeta' is silk that changes colour as the light varies.

75. **opal,** a precious stone of which the colour varies according to the light in which it is held.

84. **as giddily:** *i.e.* 'I am as careless of them as Fortune'.

85. **queen of gems:** *i.e.* 'her beauty'.

86. **pranks,** 'decks'; now generally, but not always, used in a slightly disparaging sense.

88. **I**: Ff. *It.* The correction is Hanmer's; but though we should have expected '*I*' rather than '*It*', as it suits the context rather better, the ground for changing the text seems hardly sufficient.

96. **they lack retention.** When the Duke was giving advice to his supposed page, his text was the superior constancy of womankind. But when a woman's parallel to his own case is suggested, he forgets all about their superior constancy. And yet we are expected to regard the casual sentiment of his former mood as the poet's solemn warning derived from his own experience. See note on line 32. The Duke—very properly and entirely in character—makes two flatly contradictory statements about women in general in the course of a single scene—consequently there are plenty of people who will

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quote one opinion or the other, and say we have not Orsino's but Shakespeare's authority for taking that view. What Shakespeare thought on the subject we may infer from the characters of the women he drew more accurately than from the various opinions expressed by his *dramatis personæ*.

98. **motion**, emotion, as *supra*, line 17, q.v.

98. **the liver**: regarded as the seat of the emotions. Cf. note on 'liver, brain, and heart', at i. 1. 37.

99. **that suffer**. 'That' refers back to 'their' (97), not to 'palate'.

99. **cloyment**, 'cloying'. Not used elsewhere.

100. **all**: used adverbially = 'quite', 'altogether'.

101. **compare**, 'comparison'. Shakespeare uses several verb-forms as substantives. 'Beyond compare' is familiar.

103. **owe**: 'possess', 'feel'; as in i. 5. 329. For its use here followed by a dative (Olivia), cf. *Coriolanus*, v. 6. 139—

"the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you".

In other instances, to 'owe' *love* or *hate* only is used in this construction.

107. **loved**. Note omission of the relative, and cf. i. 5. 108.

110–115. Commentators have been anxious to explain how Shakespeare managed to imagine those beautiful lines, which seems superfluous, not to say profane.

117. **our shows are more than will**: 'our professions go beyond our resolution'. Viola judges by the Duke—the particular example with which she is familiar. She is quite aware by this time that there is more show than will about his passion for Olivia.

124. **denay**, 'denial'. We find the word again, as a verb, in *2 Henry VI.*, i. 3. 107, "Then let him be denay'd the regentship".

Scene 5.

Fabian is described as 'a servant of Olivia', but he treats the two knights as if he were very much on an equality with them.

1. **come thy ways**. Dr. Abbott (*Sh. Gr.* 25) and Mr. Wright *sub loc.* concur in calling 'ways' an adverb, formed from the possessive of 'way'. But surely 'thy' makes this a very difficult explanation. May it not be the plural, and object of 'come'?

2. **scruple**, 'fragment'. Cf. iii. 4. 87, 'No scruple of a scruple', where there is a play on the two senses of the word.

5. **sheep-biter**: of an ill-conditioned cur which worries sheep.

7. **bear-baiting**: a form of sport particularly obnoxious to the Puritan conscience; though it may be questioned how much the

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objection was due to humanity, and how much to reprobation of sport because it was sport.

10. **it is pity of our lives.** Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 229—

> "For if I should as lion come in strife
> Into this place, 't were pity on my life".

12. **metal of India.** The Indies being regarded as the land of gold (cf. Lyly, *Euphues*, "I saw that India bringeth gold, but England bringeth goodness"), 'metal of India' stands for gold. There is a play on the secondary use of 'metal'='spirit' (for which the spelling 'mettle' is now used). 'Mettle' is the reading of the first Folio: in the later editions 'nettle' was substituted; the reference being taken to be to an Indian plant known as *Urtica marina* (sea-nettle). Steevens quotes Greene's *Mamillia*, "Consider, the herb of India is of pleasant smell, but whoso cometh to it feeleth present smart". On the whole, however, the reading of the text seems preferable.

21. **affect**, 'love'.

22. **fancy**, 'fall in love'. Cf. the substantive, i. 1. 14, and note.

28. **jets**, 'struts'.

28. **advanced**, 'up-lifted'. So to 'advance' a banner is to raise it, not to advance with it.

29. **'S light**, 'God's light'; like 'zounds'='God's wounds'.

30, 34. These two speeches should probably be given to Fabian, who is all the time occupied in checking the knight's excitement.

35. **the lady of the Strachy.** Either there is a misprint, or there is an allusion to some then well-known story which history has not preserved. The latter is the more likely; for, though Mr. Wright quotes no fewer than 15 suggested emendations, not one can fairly claim to be even plausible.

39. **blows him**, 'puffs him up'.

41. **state**, 'chair of state', but usually applied more particularly to the canopy over it. It stands, as here, for 'throne' in *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 4. 416, "this chair shall be my state".

42. **stone-bow**, cross-bow with stones for bullets.

48. **humour of state**, 'the capricious fancy which rank allows'. 'Humour'='mood' is used more particularly of a *capricious* mood, as 'humorous' commonly='capricious'.

49. **after a demure travel of regard**, 'after allowing my gaze to travel gravely round'.

55. **my—.** Malvolio pauses, not having made up his mind what particular 'rich jewel' he would have at hand.

56. **courtesies**: 'makes his courtesy'. The appropriation of the word to women in the form 'curtsey' was later. So *2 Henry IV.*, Epilogue, "First my fear: then my courtesy".

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58. **with cars**: equivalent to 'with cart-horses'. The phrase being rather odd, commentators have made various suggestions for altering the text—'with carts' (Johnson), 'with cables' (Tyrwhitt), 'with cords', 'with racks', 'with tears', 'by the ears', &c.

75. **employment.** The word is merely used out of Malvolio's affection for grandiloquence.

76. **woodcock**: mentioned several times as a type of foolishness and gullibility. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 161, "O this woodcock, what an ass it is".

76. **gin**, an abbreviation of 'engine', which is properly any sort of contrivance requiring skill (*ingenium*) in construction.

80. It is to be observed that there is neither a C nor a great P in the superscription of the letter. It is an obvious and simple way out of the difficulty to suppose that Malvolio does not read the whole of it aloud, but that would not fit well with so precise a character. Probably Shakespeare merely named letters that would sound well, knowing that no audience would detect a discrepancy. He was apt to be careless of such details. *E.g.* Malone quotes from *All's Well*, iii. 2. and v. 3. where the same letter is read in each scene, but with a different wording!

81. **in contempt of question**, 'to question it would be absurd'.

85. **impressure**, for 'impression'. Cf. 'expressure of his eye' at 3. 171.

85. **Lucrece.** The story of Lucretia, wife of Collatinus, the occasion of the expulsion from Rome of the Tarquins, was a favourite one in the sixteenth century. Lucretia was regarded as the type of a chaste matron, and her head seems to have been frequently engraved on gems.

93. **the numbers altered**, 'the metre is changed'. Cf. *Love's Labour*, v. 2. 35—

> "Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
> The numbers true";

i.e. correctly constructed. 'Numbers' in the general sense of 'verse' is of course familiar.

95. **brock**, 'badger'. It is unnecessary to search for any special appropriateness in the epithet, as Malone does.

97. **a Lucrece knife**, a knife wherewith the modest dame slays herself for shame. See note 85, *supra*.

100. **fustian**, 'in inflated style'.

104. **what dish.** We should say 'what a dish'; but cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 42, "Cassius, what night is this".

105. **staniel**: Ff. *stallion*, which is absurd. The correction is Hanmer's. A 'staniel' is what is commonly called a 'kestrel', a kind of hawk.

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105. **checks**, turns aside, as an ill-trained hawk would turn, after inferior game, instead of keeping to its true object.

108. **any formal capacity**, any properly regulated intelligence. 'Formal' is used almost as equivalent to 'sane', *Comedy of Errors*, v. 105—

"To make of him a formal man again".

113. **Sowter**, lit. 'cobbler': so = bungler. 'Bungler' (as though Malvolio were a stupid dog named Bungler) 'will open cry' (*i.e.* 'will recover the scent') 'though a very inferior hound could do that seeing how rank it lies.'

117. **at faults**, 'when the trail is puzzling'.

120. **O shall end**, 'he will cry O at the end of the story'. Johnson thought 'O' meant 'a collar of hemp'.

126. 'If this were a little manipulated, it would adapt itself to my view.'

128. **my stars**. Cf. i. 3. 142, note.

131. **thy blood**, 'thy courage'. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, iii. 1. 181, "Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood".

133. **thy humble slough**: as a snake casts its old skin and appears in brighter colours.

134. **opposite with**, 'contradictory towards'. The 'kinsman', of course, is intended for Sir Toby.

135. **the trick of singularity**, 'the air of eccentricity'. To be 'fantastical' was fashionable.

138. **cross-gartered**. At this time apparently a new fashion, the garters being worn both above and below the knee, and so crossing at the back. Some years later the fashion had gone out, but seems to have been still affected by Puritans; whence Steevens supposes that it is here introduced as a hit at Malvolio's puritanism. It is probable, however, that it only became a Puritan habit to wear cross-garters after the fashionable world had discarded them.

139. **thou art made**, 'thou art a made man'.

141. **alter services**, 'become thy servant, as thou art hers'.

143. **champain**, 'open country where there is a clear view'.

143. **discovers**. A singular verb following a plural subject is by no means rare. Explanations may be found for many individual cases—such as the verb being referred to only as one of two subjects (as here); the attraction of the verb to the number of a word intervening between it and the subject; &c. But there are many cases where no such explanation is possible. Dr. Abbott (*Sh. Gr.* 247 and 332–338) makes out a strong case for the theory that the apparently singular forms are not really singulars in defiance of grammar, but *plurals*—survivals of the old South English plural form in *-eth* and North English plural form in *-es*.

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144. **politic authors.** Cf. Sir Toby's remark "We are politicians"; 'politic authors' would mean 'exponents of political philosophy'—such as Machiavelli, whose works Malvolio proposes to study to fit himself for the high position in store.

145. **point-devise,** 'precisely', 'punctiliously'. In full, 'at point devise', according to Skeat, from *à point devis*. The word is used in two other places in Shakespeare apparently in the sense of 'superfine'. Perhaps we should here also take it in this sense, as an adjective, placing a comma after it. Whether it is adverb or adjective, the sense of 'superfine' rather than of 'precise' seems to predominate in Chaucer as well as in Shakespeare.

147. **jade me,** 'act like a jade to me', or 'make a jade of me', since the word 'jade' is applied to suggest either vice or bad physical condition in a horse. The idea of vice, however, is more frequent; it is oftener a term of abuse than of contempt.

152. **strange,** 'affecting the trick of singularity', or else 'distant'.

152. **stout,** 'surly and opposite'. So *2 Henry VI.*, i. 1. 187, "As stout and proud as he were lord of all".

158. **dear my sweet.** In addresses 'my' often separates the adjective and substantive ('sweet' is here substantive), as in such phrases as 'good my lord'; and similarly we find 'sweet our queen', and at i. 5. 56, "good my mouse of virtue". Cf. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 13.

162. **the Sophy,** the ordinary European name for the Shah of Persia, the chief Asiatic potentate known in the west, who was of course assumed to be fabulously rich. In the *Merchant of Venice* the Prince of Morocco boasts among other things that his sword had slain "the Sophy and a Persian prince that won three fields of Sultan Solyman". The name is taken from the Safavi dynasty, who ruled from 1500 to 1736.

171. **tray-trip,** a game played with dice, in which throwing the 'tray' or 'threes' was particularly important. Further details are not known. References to the game are found in Taylor the Water-Poet, Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, &c.

183. **Tartar,** Tartarus, the lowest deep of the infernal regions.

Act III.—Scene I.

2. **tabor,** a kind of small drum, commonly used by professional jesters or clowns. An additional point may be given to the Clown's reply if there was an inn familiar to Shakespeare's audience known as 'the tabor'. But if there is any such hidden jest, which is extremely doubtful, it might rather be supposed that the Clown pretends to mistake Viola's pronunciation of 'tabor' for 'tavern'. There is no record of any 'Sign of the Tabor'.

4. **churchman,** *i.e.* an 'ecclesiastic'.

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12. **cheveril**, 'kid', *i.e.* of particularly soft and pliant material. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, "your soft cheveril conscience".

30. **pilchards**, a fish bearing a strong resemblance to a herring.

35. **I would be sorry but**, 'I should be sorry if the fool were not', &c. By the sarcastic 'your wisdom' Feste implies that happily Orsino is as adequately supplied with a fool as Olivia.

38. **pass upon me**: 'pass' being used of a thrust in fencing; the phrase is generally taken to mean 'thrust at me in your word-fencing'. But there is no instance of 'pass *upon*' being so used, and it seems rather to suggest 'play tricks' much as we use 'pass off'. Cf. v. 1. 340, "This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee".

40. **commodity**, 'consignment'. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, iv. 2. 19, "Such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum".

47. **welkin...element**: the word 'element' had become a part of the pedantic slang in vogue at the time. The Clown's synonym for it is of course appropriate only in a totally different sense.

53. **haggard**, the hawk when wild, which pursues any quarry that appears. Cf. the previous remarks on the staniel (ii. 5. 24). The trained hawk would strike only at higher game. The point here is, that the jester must distribute his wit miscellaneously, so escaping the suspicion of malignity.

56, 57. 'Judicious folly must be properly adapted to time and place; but when a wise man talks folly he spoils his own reputation for wisdom.'

57. **wit**: here used in the common Shakespearean sense of 'intelligence', 'shrewdness', not 'wittiness'.

60. **Dieu vous garde.** This must be spoken by Sir Andrew, as the next remark attributed to him is evidently not Sir Toby's. It has been suggested that the two knights' speeches should be interchanged, as Sir Andrew before was so ignorant of French that he was puzzled by Toby's '*pourquoi*' (i. 3. 83); but that would not interfere with his having picked up a French phrase.

64. **trade**, 'business' generally; perhaps here more closely connected with the idea of 'going to and fro', conveyed in *Richard II.*, iii. 3. 156, "some way of common trade".

65. **I am bound.** Viola takes up Sir Toby's phrase and plays on it. 'Bound' should be spelt 'boun', having no connection with 'bind'. See Glossary.

65. **list**, 'limit', 'goal': properly the fringe or border of a piece of cloth. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, iv. 1. 51—

> 'The very list, the very utmost bound
> Of all our fortunes".

Also see Glossary.

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67. Taste your legs. Sir Toby's eccentricities in the use of language have three sources: canary, the desire to mystify Sir Andrew, the affectation of a temporary fashion. This phrase, like "encounter the house" above, falls under the third class. 'Taste' being used for 'try', 'test', in such phrases as "taste their valour" (for which cf. "a taste of your quality", &c.), with abstract words, Sir Toby extends its use to the very concrete word 'legs'.

72. prevented, 'anticipated'. To 'prevent' is literally to 'go before', whether as a guide (for which cf. the Prayer-book, "May always prevent and rule our hearts"); or as an obstacle, from whence comes the ordinary use; or simply, as here.

78. Observe the extreme affectation of style which Viola adopts whenever she is formally speaking as the Duke's messenger. The moment she speaks for herself, or with any touch of real emotion, her phrases are no longer of the recondite kind which rouse Sir Andrew's envy, but become pure poetry.

88. lowly feigning, 'pretended humility'.

98. hear you to solicit. Cf. note on 'go hunt', i. 1. 16.

99. music from the spheres. This is a reference to the Pythagorean notion of the universe as having harmony for its central principle. Plato uses the idea in the *Republic*, from which Milton took the lines in his *Arcades*—

> "Then listen I
> To the celestial sirens' harmony
> That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres . . .
> And the low world in measured motion draw
> After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
> Of human mould, with poor unpurgéd ear".

The same idea is found in the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*—

> "From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
> This universal frame began".

102. abuse, 'misuse'. Cf. *Othello*, quoted *infra*, line 140, note.

107. at the stake: the metaphor is from bear-baiting.

109. receiving, 'understanding'. Cf. ii. 2. 12, note.

110. cypress, *i.e.* a transparent covering. 'Cypress' or 'cyprus' is crape. Cf. the discussion of the word in ii. 4. 52, note, and see also Glossary.

113. a grize, 'a step'. Cf. *Timon*, iv. 3. 16—

> "Every grize of fortune
> Is smoothed by that below".

113. a vulgar proof, 'a common experience', a thing proved by common experience. So *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 21—

> "'Tis a common proof,
> That lowliness is young ambition's ladder".

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124. **westward-ho**: a familiar cry on the Thames, when the watermen were ready to start up stream, westwards.

129. **that you do think**, &c., 'that you forget your position' in falling in love with a servant. Olivia in her reply means that she thinks "Cesario" is not in the position he ought to occupy; whereas Viola in turn refers—in her own mind and to the audience—to her not being a man.

140. **maidhood**. This form occurs again, *Othello*, i. 1. 173—

> "Is there not charms
> By which the property of youth and maidhood
> May be abused?"

141. **maugre**, 'despite'. Fr. *malgré*.

149. **no woman has**, 'I have given to no woman'.

149. **nor never none**. The repetition of negatives, intensifying the negative force, is common, as observed at i. 5. 87, note; but the triple negative, as here, is rare. Cf., however, *As You Like It*, i. 2. 29, "nor no further in sport, neither", and the Clown at iv. 1. 8 in this play.

Scene 2.

13. **grand-jurymen**. It is the business of the grand-jury not to decide the question of guilt or innocence, but whether there is sufficient evidence against an accused person to have the case fully tried.

16. **dormouse**, *i.e.* sleeping like a dormouse.

18. **accosted**. Cf. i. 3. 52, note.

21. **balk'd**, 'missed'. A 'balk' is a 'block', and so a stumbling-block. Hence 'to balk' is either 'to stumble' or 'cause to stumble', and so 'fail' or 'miss'.

21. **the double gilt**, &c., 'having this very fine opportunity given you, you allow it to be spoilt by a delay'.

22. **sailed into the north**, *i.e.* the cold and frosty regions of discredit, instead of the sunshine of favour.

23. **a Dutchman's beard**. The Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, and English were the great ocean-going and exploring races at the end of the sixteenth century, and in northern waters the Dutch had done the most. Shakespeare may have had in his mind the recent discovery of Nova Zembla by a Dutch expedition in 1596.

27. **a Brownist**. Sir Andrew has a special horror of Puritans, as before noted. The sect of Independents or Congregationalists were known also as Brownists, from their leader, Robert Brown, who founded that body in 1581.

27. **politician** and 'policy' are used with various shades of meaning, ranging from 'statesman' and 'statesmanship' to 'intriguer' and 'intrigue', with an obvious connection of ideas. But in any case

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a 'politician' would have to be alert-minded; whence Sir Andrew's objection to the tribe.

28. **build me**: 'me' is the ethic dative, as perhaps in i. 2. 53, "Conceal me what I am", where see note. The usage is very common. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 267, "he plucked me ope his doublet".

29. **Challenge me.** See last note.

31. **love-broker**, 'agent for love affairs'.

36. **curst**: not 'accursed' but 'crossed', which has now degenerated into 'cross'. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*, "Kate the curst" means 'Kate the cross', or 'ill-tempered'.

38. **if thou thou'st him**, 'if you address him as "thou"'. The French have the word *tutoyer*, which means the same thing. Except in poetical passages, 'thou' is used only by a superior addressing an inferior, or between intimate companions. This passage has been quoted as showing that the play was not written till after Sir Walter Raleigh's trial in November, 1603, on the ground that it was suggested by the style in which Sir Edward Coke addressed Sir Walter:—"All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I *thou* thee, *thou* traitor, I will prove *thee* the rankest traitor in England". The other evidence, however, shows that the play was written earlier.

41. **the bed of Ware.** An immense bed, measuring nearly eleven feet square, at Ware, in Hertfordshire. It is said to have been at the Stag Inn, in Shakespeare's time, and was subsequently at three or four other inns.

48. **the cubiculo**, 'the lodging'. A corruption of Sir Toby's.

52. **oxen and wainropes.** Cf. ii. 5. 58, "though our silence be drawn from us with cars".

54. **blood in his liver.** The liver was regarded as the seat of courage, and to be 'white-livered' was to be a coward.

56. **his opposite**, 'his opponent'.

58. **the youngest wren of nine.** Nine is the normal number for a brood of wrens, and the last hatched is commonly the smallest.

59. **the spleen**: here 'a violent fit of laughter'; for which sense cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii. 1. 77, "By virtue, thou enforcest laughter, thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling". The commoner use is in the sense either of 'melancholy' or 'anger'.

63. **passages of grossness**, 'gross impositions'. 'Passage' practically = imposition; for which cf. "pass upon", iii. 1. 38, note.

65. **pedant**, 'pedagogue'.

69. **the new map**: perhaps that which appears in some copies of the 1599 edition of Hakluyt's voyages. See Introduction, p. 9.

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Scene 3.

8. **jealousy what might befall**, 'doubt of what might befal'.

15. **And thanks**, &c. This passage is evidently corrupt. The first Folio omits the words 'Too oft', and the later editions omit lines 15 and 16 altogether. Emendations can only be conjectural, and I have altered the text merely so as to make it possible to read the lines aloud. Theobald's conjecture, on which the present reading is based, was 'and oft'.

16. **uncurrent**, 'not legal tender'.

20. **go see**. Cf. i. 1. 16, 'go hunt', note.

19. **reliques**, 'remains', whether referring to old buildings or relics of saints.

24. **renown**, 'make renowned'. The verb has otherwise dropped out of use.

25. **the count his galleys**. 'His' is occasionally used as the sign of the possessive case. But here perhaps we should read 'the county's'.

33. **answered**, 'compensated'.

36. **lapsed**, 'surprised'.

Scene 4.

5. **sad**, 'sober'. Cf. "Speak, sad brow and true maid".

46. **Thy**. Very possibly we should read *My*; as Olivia does not know that Malvolio is quoting, and evidently takes the next 'thou' (in 49) as addressed to her. So understood, his remark would of course be the more mysterious.

52. **midsummer madness**: heat being regarded as a cause of madness.

60. **come near me**, 'understand me'.

66. **consequently**, *i.e.* 'in the words which follow'.

69. **Jove's**. Possibly a misprint for 'love's'; but much more probably Jove was substituted for the original 'God' in consequence of the Act for Restraining the Abuses of Players. There are numerous instances of the change. It may be, however, that Malvolio thought it more becoming to adopt the pagan adjurations of the court, in lieu of his previous puritanism.

73. **no scruple of a scruple**. Malvolio, affecting 'the trick of singularity', breaks out into unwonted jesting. The pun has already been commented on.

73. **incredulous**, 'causing incredulity'.

103. **bawcock**, 'fine fellow'. Fr. *beau coq*.

106. **Biddy, come with me**. Probably a snatch of a song.

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107. **play at cherry-pit**, 'play a child's game'. Cherry-pit was probably played with cherry-stones, and little holes in the ground or on a board.

118. **genius**, 'his guardian angel'.

120. **take air**, *i.e.* 'become known'.

124. The dark room was the standing treatment for madmen.

130. **a May morning**: May-day being a species of Saturnalia.

138. **admire**, 'wonder'. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 110, 'with most admired disorder'. Note the double negative.

151. **on the windy side**, 'to windward', the position of advantage; but the idea can hardly be taken, as Mr. Wright says, from hunting. If the hunter is to windward the quarry scents him.

151. **the law**. Perhaps a hit at the 'law of the duello', with its very subtle distinctions between expressions which did or did not make a fight incumbent.

159. **commerce**, 'conversation'. But cf. iii. 1. 64, 'trade'.

164. **approbation**, 'convincing testimony'.

177. **cockatrices**. The cockatrice was a fabulous creature supposed to be hatched by a serpent or toad out of a fowl's egg, which could slay by a glance. The name is a corruption of crocodile; through the Spanish forms *cocodrillo*, *cocadriz*.

188. **'haviour**: the first syllable in many words is occasionally dropped if in ordinary use it is very lightly accented. Cf. note on 'motions', ii. 4. 17.

190. **jewel**, used not necessarily of a gem, but of any valuable ornament. It is curious to observe that two such different forms as 'gaud' and 'jewel' have the same origin: Latin *gaudium*, diminutive form *gaudiolum*; 'jewel' coming through the French *joie*, *joiel*.

202. Sir Toby, rising to the occasion, uses all the unexpected and alarming words that occur to his mind.

205. **dismount thy tuck**, 'draw thy sword'.

205. **yare**, 'quick', 'smart': the boatswain in the *Tempest* is fond of the word.

215. **unhatched**, 'unhacked': knighted, that is, with an ornamental rapier, not a blade that had just seen service on the field of battle.

216. **carpet-knights** were those who received knighthood not for acts of prowess but for mere favour or 'material consideration' as Sir Toby here suggests.

222. **conduct**, 'escort'.

224. **quirk**, 'humour'.

233. **this...office, as to know**: we should say 'such' instead of

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'this': but 'that....as' 'this....as' are common in Shakespeare: and we get also the converse, 'such...which'. Abbott, 280.

233. **know**, 'learn'. Cf. *Othello*, v. 1. 117, "go know of Cassio where he supped to-night".

240. **mortal arbitrement**, 'decision by the death of one or other'.

249. **Sir priest.** The title 'Sir' was habitually applied to priests as well as to knights, as readers of *Westward Ho* will remember. Shakespeare's parsons—Sir Hugh Evans, Sir Oliver Martext, &c.—have the title, as has 'Sir Topas the curate' in this play.

250. **Exeunt.** Dyce suggested that there should be a shifting of the scene to the orchard end, where Sir Andrew was waiting. This would no doubt be in more exact accordance with the plan of the conspirators, but would be less convenient on the stage.

252. **firago**: doubtless Sir Toby's variation for 'virago'.

253. **the stuck**, the '*stoccata*': see Glossary.

256. **the Sophy.** Cf. ii. 5. 162, note.

267. **take up**, 'make up'. Cf. *As You Like It*, v. 4. 50—

"How was that quarrel ta'en up?"

269. **is as horribly conceited**, 'has as horrible a conception'. So 'to conceit' is 'to form a conception': *e.g. Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 162—

"Him and his worth you have right well conceited".

281. **the duello**, *i.e.* the laws of the duel, referred to at 182.

292. **undertaker**, one who undertakes another's business, an agent or a surety; 'contractor' is perhaps the nearest equivalent.

297. **reins well**, 'answers the rein'. Sir Andrew is of course thinking of his offer of "Grey Capilet".

303. **favour**, face. Cf. ii. 4. 24, and note.

309. **to ask.** Cf. i. 1. 16, note ('go hunt').

319. **my having**, 'what I have'.

329. **vainness**, 'boasting'.

337. **venerable**, 'admirable'. The appropriation of the word to old age is modern.

342. **unkind**, 'unnatural'; wanting in natural feeling, the equivalent to the Latin *impius*.

352. **saws**, 'sayings'. **'A couplet or two'**, because proverbs very commonly take the form of a rhymed couplet.

364. **living.** It is uncertain whether this is the present participle, or a survival of the infinitive form in *-en*, '*liven*'='to live'. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 349.

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Act IV.—Scene I.

1. **will you,** 'do you wish to'. The original sense of active wish or intention is very commonly present in the Shakespearean use of 'will', where we should use it merely as a future.

5. **nor I am not,** note the Clown's filing up of negatives, ending with a triple negative; as before at iii. 1. 149, where see note.

8. **vent,** 'utter', 'give vent to'.

12. **this great lubber,** &c. The reading may be corrupt. If not, the Clown must be railing at the affectation overspreading the world, which is vulgar at bottom. 'Lubber' can hardly refer to Sebastian, who must have been of slight and graceful build to be mistaken for Viola; though the sentence might be taken to mean, 'the world will prove this great lubber to be a cockney'. Grant White reads 'lubberly word' for 'lubber the world'; but 'vent' can hardly be so called.

12. **cockney,** 'a hanger on of the kitchen'. See Glossary. The word occurs again in *Lear*, ii. 4. 124, "Cry to it, uncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive".

13. **ungird thy strangeness,** 'put off your haughtiness'; expressed in this affected way as a jibe at Sebastian's 'vent thy folly'.

15. **Greek.** The term seems to have been used as equivalent to 'roysterer': the proverbially merry 'grig' seems to be derived from it.

20. **fourteen years' purchase,** *i.e.* purchase at the price of fourteen years' returns; from which it is clear that this was a high rate for the purchase of land in Shakespeare's day, though it would be low now.

27. **come on,** 'come away'. Sir Toby evidently seizes Sebastian, and is not challenging him to 'come on' and fight him instead.

29. **an action of battery,** 'an action for assault and battery', *i.e.* beating, from French *battre.*

34. **flesh'd,** 'you have tasted enough blood'.

36. **tempt,** 'try'.

38. **malapert,** 'saucy'.

45. **rudesby,** 'ruffian'. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 10, "A mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen".

47. **extent,** 'attack', a legal term. Cf. *As You Like It*, iii. 1. 17—

> "Make an extent upon his house and lands".

The full legal term is 'a writ of *extendi facias*'.

53. **heart,** the play upon 'heart' and 'hart' is a favourite one. Cf. i. 1. 17, and note.

56. **Lethe,** the river whose waters bring forgetfulness: one of the four rivers of Hades.

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Scene 2.

7. **to be said,** 'to be called'.

9. **competitors,** 'confederates'. Cf. *Two Gentlemen*, ii. 6. 35, "myself in council, his competitor".

13. **Gorboduc.** The play of *King Gorboduc* appeared in 1565; but the monarch's niece is mythical. Nor is it necessary to identify the hermit of Prague.

13. **clerestories,** a row of windows high up: the term is familiar especially in church architecture.

46. **constant,** 'consistent', 'reasonable'.

47. **Pythagoras,** the reference is to the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

60. **I am for all waters,** 'nothing comes amiss'. It has been suggested that the Clown is playing upon his assumed name of 'Topas', and means that he can support the character of any jewel.

67. **the upshot,** 'the conclusion', 'the final shot'.

69. **Hey Robin,** &c., the Clown sings a couple of stanzas from a popular song, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

72. **perdy,** a corruption of *Par Dieu*.

82. **besides,** 'beside'.

82. **five wits,** on the analogy of the five senses. Cf.—

> "Alone and warming his five wits
> The white owl in the belfry sits".

87. **propertied,** 'treated me like a property, or chattel'.

90. **advise you,** 'be careful'. From here to 96 the Clown is sometimes himself, sometimes the imaginary Sir Topas.

98. **shent,** scolded.

117. **Vice.** This is a reference to the old 'morality' plays, in which the devil appeared; the 'Vice' treated him very much as 'harlequin' treats 'pantaloon' in the modern pantomime harlequinade, which is in fact a survival of these plays. Cf. *Henry V.*, iv. 4. 75, "this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a dagger".

Scene 3.

6. **credit,** 'belief'.

12. **instance,** 'example'.

21. **deceivable,** the passive form for the active 'deceptive'. Cf. so again at *Richard II.*, ii. 3. 84, 'whose duty is deceivable and false'. Cf. 'reverberate' for 'reverberant', i. 5. 254, and note.

24. **chantry,** private chapel.

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26. Note that this ceremony is not an actual marriage, but a formal betrothal which was held binding.

29. **whiles**, 'until'.

29. **come to note**, 'be made known'.

30. **what time**, 'when'.

Act V.—Scene I.

17. **profit**, either 'I gain advantage by knowing myself', or 'I become proficient in knowledge of myself'.

18. **conclusions to be as kisses**: 'if the logical conclusion follows from bringing the two premisses together, as kisses follow from bringing two pairs of lips together'. Carrying it farther, the four negatives making two affirmatives correspond to the two pairs of lips.

28. **your grace**, 'since by grace a man resists evil counsels, and natural inclination makes him follow them, never mind grace but follow my ill counsel'.

29. **it**, the ill counsel.

30. **so much to be**, for 'as to be'. For the omission of *as*, cf. ii. 2. 10, "That you be never so hardy to come"

33. **triplex**, triple time.

34. **St. Bennet**. The church of 'St. Bennet Hithe', Paul's Wharf, was just opposite the Globe Theatre; hence probably the allusion here. But the reference may be to some popular melody.

37. **throw**, 'cast of the dice', 'this turn in the game'.

48. **bawbling**, 'a small craft'. The term 'bauble' was used much as we use 'cockle' for a vessel that could not face rough weather. The word is familiar to us as used of things of more show than worth. For the special sense, cf. *Cymbeline*, iii. 1. 27—

> "His shipping.
> Poor, ignorant baubles, on our terrible seas
> Like egg-shells moved upon their surges crack'd
> As easily 'gainst our rocks."

There are two separate words which have become confused. See Glossary.

49. **unprizable**, either (1) worthless, of no value; or (2) which could not be captured (because it could pass where ships of greater draught could not); or (3) above price, invaluable, as the light English craft had proved to be against the great Spanish galleons. The first meaning is on the whole most probable, as implying more brilliant courage and skill on the part of the captain. The Duke would hardly have used the contemptuous term 'bawbling' if he was going to call the same ship 'invaluable' in the next breath.

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50. **scathful**, 'harmful'.

51. **bottom**, 'ship'. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 42, "My ventures are not in one bottom trusted".

52. **the tongue of loss**, 'the voices of the losers'.

55. **fraught**, 'freight'. So *Othello*, iii. 3. 449, "Swell, bosom, with thy fraught".

55. **Candy**, 'Candia' or 'Crete'.

58. **desperate of shame and state**, 'reckless of disgrace and of his plight'.

65. **dear**, 'costly'.

85. **recommended**, 'intrusted'.

93. **Three months.** This is a rather material slip. In act i. scene 4 Viola had only been three days with the Duke; Antonio and Sebastian appear in Illyria, either on the same day or the next morning—the former if ii. 1 is in its right place; the latter if Antonio's statement at 84–86 is to be accepted. Act ii. scene 4 is the next morning, and all the remaining events take place on the same day.

93. **tended**, 'attended'. Cf. 'praise' for 'appraise', 'haviour' for 'behaviour', &c. See note on 'motions', ii. 4. 17.

103. **fat and fulsome**, 'nauseating'.

107. **ingrate**, 'ungrateful'. The word occurs several times in Shakespeare; now it is used not as an adjective, but only as a substantive.

108. **hath**, the Globe reading. The Folios read *have*, and very probably that is what Shakespeare wrote, the verb being attracted to the number of 'offerings' which intervenes between it and the singular verb. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, v. 1. 33, "The posture of your blows *are* yet unknown".

112. **the Egyptian thief.** The reference is to the story of Theagenes and Chariclea, told in the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, of which a translation had been issued in 1568, and a second edition, 1587. Theagenes and Chariclea were captured by the Egyptian Thyamis, who fell in love with the lady, and being thereafter in danger of being taken and slain, attempted to kill her first.

114. **hear me this.** 'Me' may be regarded either as the ethic dative, or as object, with 'this' as a second object. Cf. i. 2. 53, "Conceal me what I am" and note, where precisely the same alternative constructions are admissible.

117. **screws**, 'twists'.

119. **minion**, 'favourite'. Fr. *mignon*.

126. **apt**, 'ready'.

132. **tainting**, 'corruption', a verbal noun, hence followed by 'of'. Cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 49, "I remember the kissing of her batlet". The usage, however, is by no means obsolete, though

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commonly the verbal force survives, and an accusative follows. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 93.

135. **forgot**, this form is commoner in Shakespeare than 'forgotten', just as we have 'writ', 'took', 'shook', for 'written', 'taken', 'shaken', and the like. Cf. i. 4. 20, note on 'spoke'.

141. **strangle thy propriety**, 'suppress your identity', 'propriety', deriving this sense from 'proper'='own', 'proper-self'='own self'. Cf. *Othello*, ii. 3. 176—

"it frights the isle
From her propriety".

153. **interchangement.** This was the old practice. The rule of the bride only wearing a wedding ring was an innovation.

154. **ceremony.** This word in Shakespeare is almost always scanned as a trisyllable; it would be admissible to read 'cĕrĕ-mŏny', but the frequency of its occurrence makes it probable that 'cere' is pronounced as a monosyllable, as in 'cere-cloth'. But in *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 11, 'Set on and leave no ceremony out", the word is clearly a quadrisyllable. See App. B, § 6 (iii.).

154. **compact**, always accented on the last syllable in Shakespeare.

155. **in my function**, 'in my official capacity' as a chaplain. Cf. iv. 2. 8, "I am not tall enough to become the function well".

159. **case**, the hunter's term for the skin of beasts of chase.

165. **little**, 'some little', 'a' being dropped, as at ii. 5. 123, where see note.

174. **incardinate**; Sir Andrew would say 'incarnate'.

184. **halting**, 'lame'.

185. **other gates**, 'another way'; 'gait' or 'gate'='way' is familiar in the north country.

191. set, *i.e.* 'closed'.

192. **passy measures pavin**: first Folio, *panyn*. Sir Toby is so exceedingly drunk that it is hardly necessary to find a meaning in this unintelligible term of abuse. But seeing that Sir Toby in his cups is given to talking of dances, and before called Malvolio 'Peg-a-Ramsey', which is the title of a song, he may have intended here to say 'passamezzo pavin', a slow dance, meaning that 'Dick surgeon' is a dignified fraud. In any case it may be assumed that 'passy measures' is an attempt at 'passa mezzo'=slow-going; and we may either leave 'panyn', or substitute 'pavin' (as in the text) or 'panym'='pagan', a common enough word, though not found in Shakespeare.

204. **a strange regard**, 'a distant or shrinking look'. Cf. "ungird thy strangeness", iv. 1. 13.

207. **so late ago**, a confusion of 'so lately', and 'so short a time ago'.

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209. **natural** is scanned as a dissyllable; and **perspective** has the accent on the first syllable, as always in Shakespeare.

209. **perspective.** A 'perspective' was an arrangement of reflecting glasses, which presented a multiplicity of pictures unless looked at from a particular angle, when a single image was seen. Cf. *Richard II.*, ii. 2. 18 (where 'rightly' means 'at right angles')—

> "Like perspectives which rightly gazed upon
> Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
> Distinguish form".

220. **of here and everywhere,** 'the power of being in two places at once'.

226. **suited,** 'dressed'.

229. **dimension,** 'bodily form'.

238. **record.** Accent on the second syllable, so usually, but not always, in Shakespeare. We accent the noun 'récord', the verb 'recórd', and so with many like words.

241. **lets,** 'prevents'.

244. **do**; after '*each* circumstance' the verb should be singular, but the subject is forgotten in the series of intervening words, 'place, time, fortune'.

244. **jump,** 'agree', as in the familiar proverb, 'Great wits jump'. So 'jump' is used as an adverb = exactly. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, i. 2. 78, "It jumps with my humour".

247. **weeds,** 'garments'.

251. **mistook,** for 'mistaken'. Cf. i. 4. 20, note on 'spoke'.

252. **to her bias drew,** a phrase from the game of bowls.

256. **right noble.** The Duke had known the elder Sebastian, i. 2. 28.

263. **that orbed continent.** The natural interpretation of this is, 'As the sun does the fire which keeps day from night'. But since the sun is spoken of as 'the fire', the 'orbed continent' *may* mean the firmament which holds the sun.

267. **upon,** 'in consequence of'.

270. **enlarge,** 'set at large'.

271. **remember me.** 'Remember' was still commonly used reflexively.

272. **distract.** With verbs ending in *-t*, *-te*, or *-d*, the termination *-ed* of the participle is often dropped. Cf. note on i. 1. 26, 'heat'.

273. **extracting,** 'absorbing', 'drawing, me away from all else'.

279. **it skills not,** 'it makes no difference'; from the Icelandic *skilja*, 'divide', 'discern'.

282. **delivers,** 'reads his message'.

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286. **vox**, *i.e.* the appropriate tone. It is evident that Feste has begun reading in character, as Malvolio's words would hardly account for Olivia's mistrust of the Clown's reading.

288. 'I *am* reading in my right wits; but to read Malvolio's right wits, one must assume the madman'.

289. **pèrpend**, 'weigh', 'consider carefully', a bombastic word used by Pistol and Touchstone, and also by Polonius.

305. 'To think me as desirable a sister as wife.'

306. **The alliance on 't**: 'on't', *i.e.* 'of the double marriage' is not strictly grammatical.

307. **my proper cost**, 'my own personal expense', as with the French *propre*.

308. **apt**, 'ready'.

320. **from it**, 'unlike it'.

325, 326. **bade me come...to put on**, &c. Note 'bade' followed by the verb first without and then with 'to' in the same sentence, and cf. note on i. 1. 16.

336. **geck**, 'dupe'. Early English name for a 'cuckoo', surviving in some parts of the country in the form 'gowk'.

338. **such...which**, converse of 'that...as'; in place 'such as' and 'that which'. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 277, 278.

340. **pass'd upon**, 'outwitted'.

344. Note here (1) the double negative, (2) the use and omission of 'to' in the same sentence.

349. 'On account of a stubborn discourtesy which we perceived in him, to his discredit.'

350. **writ**, for 'wrote', the commoner form in Shakespeare.

351. **importance**, 'importunity'. Fabian presumably wishes to shelter Maria behind Sir Toby. Cf. *John*, ii. 1. 7, "At our importance hither is he come". 'Important' in the sense of 'importunate' occurs several times.

352. **hath married her.** It is of no consequence that the events have allowed no time or opportunity for this to have taken place. Time and opportunity are freely disregarded. Sir Toby appeared in this scene with a broken head; but Sebastian had not broken it when they met, and the knight had since been to listen to Feste playing Sir Topas. To make matters straight we should have to suppose that, on parting from Olivia, Sebastian had had a second meeting with the knights; but then Sir Andrew had already had one all-sufficient lesson. The simple fact is that these inconsistencies would pass without notice on the stage, and Shakespeare was not inclined to spoil a stage effect for the sake of precision in detail.

363. **whirligig**, a toy wheel. Time's whirligig is like Fortune's

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wheel. Those who are at the top to-day may be at the bottom to-morrow.

369. convents. It is quite possible that 'convents' here means 'suits', which would accord with its derivation and with the use of the cognate word 'convenient'. In all other passages where it occurs, however, it means 'summon', being equivalent to 'convene'.

376. It is quite uncertain how much, if any, of this song is Shakespeare's. The refrain was probably common, and we have it again in *Lear*, iii. 2. 75. Cf. note on the Clown's songs at ii. 3. 48. Of course it is possible to maintain, with Knight, that the song is profoundly philosophical but most of the philosophy has to be imported into it.

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APPENDIX A.

SHAKESPEARE AND PURITANISM.

The play of *Twelfth Night* contains some direct references to the Puritans, and to particular sections of the more extreme religious reformers: while the character of Malvolio is frequently supposed to have been drawn as a deliberate attack upon the Puritans. The party had learnt their rigid tenets in the stern school of persecution; from an attitude of dogged endurance they were rapidly advancing to one of direct aggression; and long before *Twelfth Night* was written they had begun to make active war upon sports and pastimes generally, and upon the stage in particular.

As a natural consequence, the works of the Elizabethan playwrights are full of allusions to and attacks upon them; the asceticism and rigour of the new religion being essentially opposed to the imaginative freedom and the pagan latitude which marked the intellectual movement of the day.

Nevertheless, it is remarkable that except in this play there are very few references to the Puritans discoverable in Shakespeare; and it appears to me that what we find in *Twelfth Night* fully bears out the view that the poet regarded these bitter enemies of his craft with a large good-humoured tolerance; and if he mocks them in the person of Malvolio, it is to smile at their extravagances, not to lash their supposed vices.

We must always be on our guard against fancying that when the dramatist puts a phrase into the mouth of one of his characters, he is giving utterance to a serious opinion of his own. I have commented on this point in the notes, with reference to certain speeches of Orsino. But if Orsino must not be regarded as Shakespeare's mouthpiece, still less are Sir Andrew and Maria to be regarded as serious exponents of his views. It is Sir Andrew who "had as lief be a Brownist as a politician"; and who desires to "beat Malvolio like a dog" for being a Puritan—a reason which even Sir Toby and Maria appear to regard as inadequate. In fact, the passages where Puritanism is directly referred to seem to satirize its detractors quite as much as its professors.

Moreover, if we study Malvolio himself, we find that he is by no means an example of that malignant type which might have been drawn by an angry opponent. He is not held up to fierce contempt, as in a later day Burns held up the 'unco guid' of his own society. He is not an unctuous knave with scripture on his lips and lies in his heart. On the contrary, he is an extremely worthy but misguided

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person, whose supreme vanity topples him headlong into the snare which his enemies have laid for him; an eminently suitable subject for a practical joke, but assuredly not a villain. At all times and in all ages, the vice of Puritanism is hypocrisy; but the weakness which lures Malvolio to his downfall is vanity.

That Shakespeare himself was no Puritan is sufficiently obvious. The zest with which he depicts a Falstaff or a Sir Toby would be impossible to a man who held ascetic doctrines—indeed it might be said that no man could be at once a genuine Puritan and a genuine humorist. His own powers of enjoyment were far too keen to allow him to sympathize with those who held that because they were virtuous there should be no more cakes and ale. But he was far too large-minded to be beguiled by professional feeling into an attitude of angry animosity to a movement which, despite its exaggerations and excesses, embodied a sincere and genuine effort to realize a lofty though circumscribed ideal. Of Puritanism as a religious movement he has nothing to say: he is content to make us smile at its absurdities as a scheme of human conduct. In the one accepted Puritan of his creation, he has drawn not a dangerous fanatic, not a self-seeking hypocrite, but a formalist, whose vanity is nearly as pathetic as it is absurd.

APPENDIX B.

OUTLINE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PROSODY.

§ 1. Metre as an indication of Date.

English blank verse did not come into use till the sixteenth century: and at the commencement of its career, the rules which regulated its employment were strict. It was only when the instrument was becoming familiar that experiments could be ventured upon, and variations and modifications freely introduced. The changes in the structure of blank verse between the time when Shakespeare commenced writing and the time of his retirement are great; and the variations in this respect are among the most important indications of the date of any given play. That is to say, broadly speaking, the less strictly regular the metre, the later the play.

In the same way, a gradually increasing disregard of other kindred conventions marks the later plays as compared with the earlier. A good deal of rhyme survives in the dialogue in the earlier plays; later it is only to be found occasionally at the close of a scene or a speech, to round it off—probably a concession to stage tradition analogous to the similar use of 'gnomae' in Greek plays, and of a 'sentiment' in modern melodrama. The first use of prose is only for purposes of comedy; later, it is used with comparative freedom (as in *Hamlet*) in

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passages of a very different type, though the introduction of verse in a prose scene always marks a rise to a higher emotional plane.

In the present play, which belongs to the middle period, all these characteristics are in the stage of development which betokens the middle period.

§ 2. Form of Blank Verse.

Our study of versification is commonly restricted to that of Latin and Greek. When we examine English verse-structure, a distinction at once appears. In the classical verse the governing element is quantity; in English it is *stress*. And inasmuch as stress is much less definite than quantity, the rules of English verse cannot be given with the same precision as those of Latin and Greek. But we may begin with certain explanations as to what stress is *not*. A 'stressed' syllable is not the same as a long syllable; nor is stress the same as *sense*-emphasis. Any strong or prolonged dwelling of the voice on a syllable, for whatever reason, is stress. So, while a syllable must be either long or short, there are many shades of gradation between the unstressed and the strongly stressed. And as in Greek tragic verse a long syllable may, in certain positions, take the place of a short one, so a moderately stressed syllable may often in English take the place of an unstressed one.

To start with, then,—to get at the basis of our metre—we will take no account of weak stress, but treat of all syllables as if they must either have no stress or a strong stress; and throughout, the word stress, when used without a qualifying adjective, will mean strong stress. The acute accent (') will be used to mark a stress, the grave (') to mark a weak stress, the ă to mark a syllable sounded but not stressed.

The primary form of the Shakespearian line is—five feet, each of two syllables; each foot carrying one stress, on the second syllable; with a sense pause at the end of the line.

Hath kill'd' | the flock' | of all' | affec' | tion else' (i. 1. 36).

§ 3. Normal Variations.

But if there were no variations on this, the effect would be monotonous and mechanical after a very few lines.

(i) The first variation therefore is brought about by the stress in one or two of the feet being thrown on the first instead of the second syllable, which is known as an 'inverted' stress.

O', it | came o'er' | my ear' | like' the | sweet sound' (i. 1. 5).
The like | of him; | know'st' thou | this count' | ry' (i. 2. 21).

Observe that the stress is thus thrown back much more commonly in the first foot of the line than elsewhere: and that in the other cases the stressed syllable usually follows a pause.

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(ii) Secondly, variety is introduced by the insertion of an extra unstressed syllable which is not extra-metrical, analogous to the use of an anapaest instead of an iambus.

Lĕt mĕ speak' | a lit' | tlĕ. Thĭs youth' | that you | see here (iii. 4. 333).

As a general rule, however, such extra syllables are very slightly pronounced; not altogether omitted but slurred, as very often happens when two vowels come next each other, or are separated only by a liquid (see § 6, v, vii).

(iii) The converse of this is the (very rare) omission of an unstressed syllable. This is only found where the stress is very strong, and the omission is really made up for by a pause. This play contains no distinct example.

(iv) Extra-metrical unstressed syllables are added before a pause, sometimes in the middle of a line.

E'er since | pursue | (me). How now! | what news | from her? (i. 1. 23).

In this play, examples are extremely numerous, chiefly when a speech begins in the middle of a line.

Very frequently an extra-metrical syllable comes at the end of a line, and this is fairly common in this play. It is only in quite early plays that it is at all unusual, only in the later ones that it is actually habitual.

For I | can sing,
And speak | to him | in man | y sorts | of mu(sic),
That will | allow | me ve | ry worth | his ser(vice) (i. 2. 58).

By an extension of this practice we sometimes have two such extra-metrical syllables:

That do | renown | this ci | ty. Would | you'd par(don me) (iii. 3. 24).

The increasing frequency of extra-metrical syllables is a useful approximate guide to the date of a play. But they are never so frequent in Shakespeare as in some of the younger dramatists.

(v) The variation which perhaps most of all characterizes the later plays is the disappearance of the sense-pause at the end of the line. At first, a clause running over from one line to the next is very rare: in the last plays it is extremely common. (The presence of a sense-pause is not necessarily marked by a stop; it is sufficient for the purpose that the last word should be dwelt on; the pause may be merely rhetorical, not grammatical.) In this play, the sense-pause is a good deal the commoner, but over-running is far from rare.

§ 4. Weak Stresses.

The basis of scansion being thus settled, we may observe how the rules are modified by weak or intermediate stresses, which are in fact the chief protection against monotony.

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(i) Lines in which there are not five strong stresses are very plentiful; *e.g.*

I' pri' | thee', and | I 'll pay' | thee boún | teously' (i. 2. 52).

In the fifth foot particularly, the stress is very often extremely slight.

(ii) On the other hand, lines in which there are two stressed syllables in one foot are not rare.

But falls' | in'to | abate' | ment' and | low' price' (i. 1. 13).
O' Time'! | thou' must' | un'tang' | le this', | not I' (ii. 2. 38).

A foot with a double stress is nearly always preceded by a pause, or by a foot with a very weak stress only.

(iii) It will be observed that there are never fewer than three strong stresses; that any foot in which there is no strong stress must at any rate have one syllable with a weak stress; and that very often such a foot has two weak stresses; preventing the feeling that the line is altogether too light. Thus a syllable which is quite unemphatic acquires a certain stress merely by length, as in some of the above cases. And, speaking broadly, a very strong stress in one foot compensates for a weak stress in the neighbouring foot.

§ 5. Irregularities.

(i) Occasionally lines occur with an extra foot; *i.e.* an additional stress after the normal ten syllables.

That ty | rannous heart | can think? | To one | of your | receiving (iii. 1. 109).

But this does not often occur in the course of a speech, and when it does there is usually a break in the middle of the line, as in this instance. It is, however, decidedly common in broken dialogue.

Oli. What ho, | Malvo | lio!
Mal. Here, ma | dam, at | your service (i. 5. 281).

And this is probably often to be explained by the second speaker breaking in on the first.

(ii) Short lines occur chiefly at the beginning or end of speeches; and in dialogue, a remark which is out of the metre is sometimes interpolated; *e.g.* in ii. 4. 87, 104.

(iii) As a general rule in the plays, these short lines occur with frequency only in hurried or excited dialogue. Their purpose is not to give variety to the metre, but to produce a dramatic effect of hurried interruption or anxious pause. Sometimes the blank is filled by action on the stage, or by music.

In some of the plays, such short lines are sometimes almost certainly due to the mutilation of the text, passages having been cut out for stage purposes.

(iv) Interjections and proper names (especially vocatives) are frequently extra-metrical.

Do give | thee five | fold blaz | on: not | too fast:' | soft! soft! (i. 5. 275).

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(v) Similarly after a pause an extra-metrical interjection may come in the middle of a line.

And that | I owe | Oli | via. (Ay) but | I know (ii. 4. 103).

In nearly every instance observe that the unusual stress comes either after a pause, whether at the beginning of a line or in the middle; or at the end of a line in which there is a break.

§ 6. Apparent Irregularities.

(i) Difficulties occasionally arise from the fact that words in Shakespeare's day were sometimes accented in a different way from that of the present day, and sometimes even bear a different accent in different places in Shakespeare's own writing. Thus we say 'as'pect', Shakespeare always 'aspect'. On the other hand, we say 'complete', Shakespeare has sometimes 'complete', sometimes 'com'plete'. In effect we must often be guided by the verse in deciding on which syllable of a word the accent should fall, because custom had not yet finally decided in favour of a particular syllable. Speaking broadly, the tendency of modern pronunciation is to throw the accent far back. On the other hand, however, Shakespeare has 'per'spective', we say 'perspec'tive'.

(ii) Similarly, when two vowels come together (as in words ending with *-ion*, *-ius*, *-ious*, and the like) we are in the habit of slurring the first, and sometimes of blending it with the preceding consonant; so that we pronounce 'ambit-i-on' 'ambishon'. In Shakespeare the vowel in such cases is sometimes slurred and sometimes not, in the same word in different places; usually the former in the middle of a line, often the latter at the end. In such cases we must be guided simply by ear in deciding whether the vowel is slurred or sounded distinctly. And we have to decide in exactly the same way when we are to sound or not sound the terminal *-ed* of the past participle.

Thus we have in consecutive lines—

But in | conclu | sion put | strange speech | upon me;
I know | not what | 't was but | distrac | tion. (v. 1. 61).

(iii) So again in a particular word, a syllable seems to be sometimes sounded, sometimes not. Thus in *Julius Caesar* (i. 2. 11), "Set on, and leave no ceremony out", 'ceremony' is a quadrisyllable, as it is in *Henry V.*, iv. 1. 269; but since in every other case it is scanned as a trisyllable, the 'cere' was probably as a rule pronounced as in 'cere-cloth'.

(iv) In a large number of words where a liquid (*l*, *m*, *n*, and especially *r*) comes next to another consonant, an indefinite vowel sound is sometimes introduced between the two letters (just as now in many places one may hear the word 'helm' pronounced 'hellum'), which may be treated as forming a syllable; *e.g.* at i. 1. 32 'remembrance' is pronounced almost 'rememberance', and at i. 2. 21, 'country' is 'count(e)ry'.

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(v) Conversely, a light vowel sound coming next a liquid is often slurred and in effect dropped; so that such words as *spirit*, *peril*, *quarrel*, are often practically monosyllables. (Hence such a form as '*parlous*' = '*perilous*'). Thus we have 'nat(u)ral', 'comp(a)ny', 'tyr(a)nnous', 'min(u)te'.

(vi) As the sound of *f*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, *s*, *ng* can be held out, we occasionally find them before a pause, and especially at the end of a verse, treated as equivalent to an extra syllable. In this play, however, I have noticed no instances.

(vii) *th* and *v* between two vowels are often almost or entirely dropped and the two syllables run into one: as in the words 'whether', 'whither', 'other', either', 'ever', 'never', 'even', 'over'. 'Heaven', 'even' generally, 'brother', 'father' sometimes, are treated as monosyllables.

Vowels separated by a *w* or an *h* are habitually slurred and pronounced practically as one syllable.

(viii) 'Fire' and similar words which in common pronunciation are dissyllables ('fi-er', &c.) are commonly but not always scanned as monosyllables.

So 'dear', 'where', 'fare', &c., are occasionally dissyllables. If i. 5. 237 stands, 'tears' should probably be scanned in the same way.

With ad | ora | tions, | fertile | tĕars`.

And in the like manner at iv. 2. 28:

May live | at peace. | He shall | conce | ăl it,

'conceal' appears to be trisyllabic.

(ix) Other ordinary contractions, such as 'we'll' for 'we will', *th'* for *the* before a vowel, &c., though not shown in the spelling, are frequent.

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GLOSSARY.

accost (i. 3. 45; iii. 2. 18), 'come alongside of'. Lat. *costa*, 'a rib'; cf. 'coast'.

address (i. 4. 14), 'direct'. Hence (2) the common Shakespearian use, 'prepare' and (3) the modern elliptical use = "address one's speech".

admire (iii. 4. 138), 'wonder': Lat. *admirari*. The further idea of approbation conveyed in the modern use of the word is not necessarily implied (though it frequently is) in Shakespeare.

advance (ii. 5. 28), 'raise'; of a bird raising its crest. So to "advance a banner" means to 'raise' it, not to 'march forward with it'.

affect (ii. 5. 21), 'feel affection for', 'feel well affected to'.

affection (i. 1. 36), 'inclination'.

affectioned (ii. 3. 134), 'full of affection'; but here 'affection' has the other sense which we find in the word 'affected', and express by 'affectation'.

allow (i. 2. 59), 'cause to be acknowledged', from the sense 'acknowledge, approve'. The word also has the sense 'assign'. These two senses are both found in the O.F. *allouer*, from which 'allow' is derived: their origin being respectively in Lat. *allaudare* (*laus*, 'praise'), and *allocare* (*locus*, 'place').

and, an (*passim*) = 'if'. The same word is used for the conditional conjunction (*enda*) in Scandinavian: hence this use of 'an' or 'and' is regarded by Professor Skeat as of Scandinavian origin. Dr. Abbott, however, holds that it is not a conditional particle but merely the copula, the 'condition' being contained in the following subjunctive. Since the employment of a conditional particle came to be demanded by usage, it was erroneously supposed that the copula preceding a subjunctive was a genuine conditional particle. Hence the practice of spelling it 'an', and treating it as a different word from the copula. *Sh. Gr.* 102, 103.

anon (*passim*), 'at once', softened to 'before long'. 'Presently' has gone through precisely the same softening process: in Shakespeare it means 'immediately'. Der. A.S., *on*, *dn* 'in one moment'.

answer'd (iii. 3. 28, 33), 'atoned'. O.E. *andswarian*, 'counter-affirmation in reply to an accusation': hence (1) 'defence'; (2) 'compensation'; (3) 'reply'.

antique (ii. 4. 3), 'old-fashioned', implying quaintness as well as mere age. In the secondary form 'antic', the idea of age is lost.

approbation (iii. 4. 164), 'convincing testimony'. So 'approve' has two senses: 'put to the test' and 'commend' (as having been tested successfully). Lat. *approbare*.

apt (i. 4. 34), 'fit'; (v. 1. 126), 'ready'. Lat. *aptus*, 'fitted'.

argument (iii. 3. 32), 'subject of debate'. Lat. *argumentum* (1) 'proof'; hence (2) 'discussion'; (3) 'subject'. We have dropped

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(1), and (3) only survives in speaking of the 'argument' of a play or poem.

aught (v. 1. 102), 'anything', a contraction from O. E. *à-wiht*, otherwise familiar as 'a whit' (so now always with a negative).

back-trick (i. 3. 109), a dancing step, probably a backward spring.

baffle (ii. 5. 140), 'make contemptible'. A word of Scandinavian origin. Used specifically of a punishment applied to recreant knights, of hanging them up by the heels.

balked (ii. 2. 21), 'hindered', by putting a 'balk', *i.e.* a bar, ridge, or heap in the way.

barful (i. 4. 40), 'full of difficulties or impediments'.

barricado (iv. 2. 35). From the same origin as 'bar', 'barrel', 'barrier' — Celtic, according to Professor Skeat. This form is Spanish 'barricada', primarily a rampart made with barrels (*barrica*).

bawbling (v. 1. 48), 'rickety'. 'Bauble' has two sources: (1) Ital. *babbola*, 'toy', an onomatopoeic word, formed much like 'baby' and 'babble'. (2) *bablen* (M.E.), 'swing' (cf. bob, bobble); hence (α) a jester's bladder-mace with its swinging head; (β) a 'cockle', an unsteady craft.—(1) and (2α) naturally lost distinction in common parlance, and Cromwell's famous application of the term to the mace in Parliament has given the word its modern sense of something more showy than useful. For other examples of (2β) see note.

bawcock (iii. 4. 103), 'fine fellow'. Fr. *beau coq*.

bent (ii. 4. 37), 'direction', 'inclination'. So to 'bend one's course' is to 'direct it'. The use of 'inclination' is precisely parallel. —'Bend'='curve', derived from 'bind'; in the special application of stringing a bow, and so setting it in a curve.

beshrew (ii. 3. 73), 'scold', 'call shrew'. See *Shrew*.

bibble-babble (iv. 2. 92). An onomatopoeic word from the inarticulate noise made by children. Cf. bawble (2): and such words as 'baby', '*balbus*' (stammerer), *βάρβαρος*, &c.

bide (ii. 4. 94), 'abide', 'endure'. Two words, 'aby', pay, and 'abide', await, have quite lost their distinction. As with 'wait' and 'await' the two forms subsist side by side; but practically 'bide' holds its own in the North, while 'abide' survives in the South, which has monopolized the recognized literary forms. 'Abide' in this intermediate sense of 'endure', is a common colloquialism, but is no longer admitted in literary English.

blazon (i. 5. 275), 'proclamation'. The 'blazon' was first the blast on the trumpet preceding the proclamation by heralds of a knight's armorial bearings. Thence it was used for the armorial bearings themselves. Ger. *blasen*, 'blow'.

botcher (i. 5. 41), one who botches or patches clothes; hence an inferior workman.

bottom (v. 1. 51), 'vessel'.

bound (i. 4. 20), 'limit'; (iii. 1. 65), 'on the way'. The two words are wholly unconnected, nor is either of them related to 'bind', or to 'bound'=leap. In both cases the *d* came to be added for euphony.

breast (ii. 3. 18), 'voice'. Not so elsewhere in Shakespeare: but instances occur in contemporary drama.

brock (ii. 5. 94), 'badger'.

Brownist (iii. 2. 27), a puritan of the sect whose leader was Robert Brown: better known later

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as Independents or Congregationalists.

bumbailey (iv. 4. 194), contemptuous term for a bailiff or sheriff's officer, who lies in wait for a man and catches him from behind.

buttery-bar (i. 3. 65): the bar of the buttery; *i.e.* the place where the bottler of ale and wine (not the butter) were kept. A corruption from M.E. *botelerie*; whence also 'butler'.

canton (i. 5. 252), 'songs'. The form probably arose from a confusion between Italian *canto*, 'song', *canzone*, 'song', and *cantone*, 'corner'.

caper (i. 3. 107), 'skip', from Lat *caper*, 'a goat'. A play on the name of the caper plant is implied in the next line.

case (v. 1. 168), 'skin': properly of a beast's skin, and here applied as suitable to a 'dissembling cub'.

Cataian (ii. 3. 69), 'Cathayan', inhabitant of Cathay, *i.e.* China.

ceremony (v. 1. 154), 'formal rites': Lat. *caeremonia*, whence also the sense 'superstition' (*Julius Caesar*, ii. 2. 13), and 'decorations' (*Julius Caesar*, i. 1. 70).

champain (ii. 5. 143), 'open country'. Fr. *campagne*, It. *campagna*, rendered 'champain' in Macaulay's *Horatius*:

"From all the spacious champain
To Rome men took their flight".

chantry (iv. 3. 24), 'private chapel': so called from the 'chanting' of services—Lat. *cantare*, 'to sing'.

character (i. 2. 51), 'outward signs' of inward qualities. So twice in *Coriolanus* metaphorically from the otherwise invariable signification in Shakespeare, of 'written marks'. The modern sense applying the term to the qualities themselves does not occur in Shakespeare.

check (ii. 5. 105; iii. 1. 53), a term in falconry; when the hawk pauses at sight of game or supposed game. An intransitive derived from the common transitive sense 'make to pause'.

cherry-pit (iii. 4. 107). A children's game, played with cherry stones.

cheveril (iii. 1. 12), 'kid', *i.e.* of particularly soft and pliant material, which will fit very closely. From Low Lat. *caprella*, dim. of *capra*, 'she-goat'.

clause (i. 3. 165), 'sentence', from Lat. *clausula* (*claudere*, 'to shut'), a technical term of rhetoric for the closing or conclusion of a statement.

clerestories (iv. 2. 36), properly a 'clear story', *i.e.* a story lighted with windows; hence applied to windows high up in a wall. Der. Low Lat. *staurare* for *instaurare*, 'build'; O.F. *estorée*, 'a thing built'; and *clarus*, 'clear', 'bright'.

cockatrice (iii. 4. 178), a species of dragon, reputed to have the power of slaying by its glance: supposed to be hatched out of a fowl's egg by a serpent. Der. Spanish *cocodrillo*, *cocadriz*, 'crocodile', being a variant.

cockney (iv. 1. 12), 'kitchen-knave' or 'kitchen-maid', one who serves in the kitchen or has been bred among servants: Lat. *coquina*, 'kitchen'. The French term of contempt, 'coquin', has the same origin.

commerce (iii. 4. 159), 'conversation', 'intercourse'. Cf. the use of 'trade' for business, generally without any idea of an interchange of goods (iii. 1. 64).

commodity (iii. 1. 40), 'supply', 'consignment'; from the ordinary concrete use of the word = 'goods' Der. Lat. *commodus*, 'useful'.

competitors (iv. 2. 9), 'associ-

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ates', 'conspirators'. Lit. 'fellow-seekers', 'people who are seeking the same thing' (*con, petere,* 'to seek'). Usually without any idea of 'rivalry' in Shakespeare: that sense coming from the use of the word *competitor* in Latin for the rival candidates for the same office.

con (i. 5. 86, &c.), 'learn by heart'. Connected with 'can', 'ken'.

conceit (iii. 4. 322), 'opinion', 'conception'; hence in modern use an unduly high opinion of oneself. Lat. *concipere, conceptum.*

coranto (i. 3. 114), 'a lively dance'. Der. Lat. *currere,* 'run'.

county (i. 5. 283), a variant for 'count', Fr. *conte.* Cf. *Merchant of Venice* (i. 2. 49):

"Then there is the County Palatine",

and the song in Scott's *Quentin Durward*:

"Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh".

cousin (i. 3. 4, &c.), used generally of near relations, uncles, nieces, &c., as well as of the children of the same grandparents.

coystrill (i. 3. 37), 'knave'. The origin is not very clear. It seems probably to come from *coustellier,* lit. 'a knife-man', *i.e.* a groom who carried a poniard, from *couteau, coutel,* 'knife'. Hence 'camp-follower'; the signification becoming gradually degraded as with 'knave' itself. The name '*costeraux*' was, however, applied to certain French banditti, and the two words may have been confused.

cozier (ii. 3. 82). A 'cozier' or 'botcher' stood to a tailor as a cobbler to a shoemaker; mending, patching, and cobbling being inferior branches of the craft. Hence a term of contempt.

crowner (i. 5. 124), 'coroner'; primarily an officer appointed by or to represent the crown. Lat. *corona.*

cunning (ii. 2. 20), 'craft', 'knowledge'. A. S. *cunnen,* 'know', whence also 'ken'.

curst (iii. 2. 36), 'sharp', 'cross'; not 'accursed'. A person who was 'curst' was one with a 'cross' or 'crossed' temper, 'curst' being (probably) a corruption of 'crossed'. Der. Fr. *croix,* Lat. *crux.* The verb to 'curse' has a different source, A. S. *cursian* (v.), *curs,* 'imprecation'.

cut (iv. 3. 203), 'jade', 'hack'. As a 'cur' is a 'curtal dog', *i.e.* a dog with a docked tail, a 'cut' is a 'curtal horse', *i.e.* a horse with a docked tail; 'cur' and 'cut' alike being abbreviations of 'curtal', the der. being Lat. *curtus,* short. Professor Skeat, however, gives a different source for 'cur', and there may very possibly have been a confusion between 'curtal' and 'cut-tail'; the ordinary verb 'cut' = 'shorten' being of Celtic origin.

cypress (ii. 4. 52; iii. 1. 110). (1) From the cypress tree, (2) cypress lawn. In the first passage, both renderings have supporters: (1) being further subdivided into (α) sprays of cypress, as a mark of mourning, (β) a coffin appropriately made of cypress wood; (2) is open to the objection that the shroud is called white three lines later, and therefore 'sad' is an inappropriate epithet. Nor does the reference to 'yew' in the same line quite agree with (1 α). In the second passage cypress clearly means cyprus-lawn (spelt 'cyprus' in Autolycus's song, *Winter's Tale*). The name is probably due to the material having been manufactured, or at any rate purchased, in Cyprus—the evidence pointing to manufacture there. (Cf. 'damask' from Damascus.) It has, however, been held that cyprus is corrupted from 'cipre', itself a cor-

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ruption of 'crape'. Fr. *crêper*, Lat. *crispare*, 'crinkle'. See the note at ii. 4. 53.

dear (v. 1. 65), 'costly'. A. S. *deóre*, 'precious'.

deceivable (iv. 3, 21), 'deceptive'; the passive form used for the active. See note.

deliver (i. 5. 192; iii. 2. 50), 'pronounce'; (v. 1. 299), 'deliver the madman' = 'pronounces the madman's message'; (v. 323), 'set free', the primary meaning. Lat. *deliberare*, 'set free', hence to deliver out of one's own keeping; hence 'to give to another', or 'to impart'.

denay (ii. 4. 124), 'denial'. Found also as a verb, *2 Henry VI.*, i. 3. 107, "Then let him be denayed the regentship".

diet (iii. 3. 40), 'food'. Gr. διαίτη.

dishonest (i. 5. 37), 'loose', 'irregular in conduct'. The specific sense is commoner with the positive 'honest'. So in the *Vicar of Wakefield* Mrs. Primrose considered that Olivia was 'made an honest woman' when the mock-marriage turned out genuine.

distempered (i. 5. 84), 'out of gear'.

ducat (i. 3. 21), a coin; so called from their being first coined in the Italian duchies. L.L. *ducatus*, a 'duchy', Lat. *dux*.

element (ii. 3. 9). The elements, *i.e.* the original forms of matter, from compounds of which all other forms are derived, were supposed to be four in number, viz., earth, air, fire, and water. Hence air, fire, and water are each spoken of as 'the element', and it is frequently used (*e.g.* i. 1. 26) for 'sky'.

estimable (ii. 1. 23), 'highly esteeming'; passive form for active, like 'deceivable', &c.

extent (iv. i. 47), 'attack'; from the legal term for 'seizure of property', derived from the opening words of the writ, '*extendi facias*'.

extravagancy (ii. 1. 9), 'vagrancy', 'wandering'. Lat. *vagare*, 'wander'. The word is not so used elsewhere in Shakespeare, but see note.

fadge (ii. 2. 31), 'succeed'. A.S. *faegian*, 'fit'.

fancy (i. 1. 14), 'love'. So very commonly. Der. through 'fantasy', from Gr. φαντασία, 'imagination'.

fell (i. 1. 22), 'fierce'. An O.E. word.

fleshed (iv. 1. 34), 'having tasted blood'.

fond (ii. 2. 32), 'dote'. Not found as a verb elsewhere.

formal (ii. 5. 108), 'properly regulated', 'sane'.

fraught (v. 1. 64), 'freight'. So in *Titus Andronicus*, i. 71, *Othello*, iii. 3. 449. The verb to 'fraught' = 'burden' is common in Shakespeare; the participle only surviving with us. 'Freight' and 'fraught' are variants of the same word.

fulsome (v. 1. 103), 'surfeiting'.

fustian (ii. 5. 100), 'pretentious'. Derived from the name of a coarse kind of Arabian cloth. We may compare the colloquial use of the terms 'brummagem' and 'shoddy'.

galliard (i. 3. 106), 'a lively dance', Fr. *gaillard*.

gaskins (i. 5. 22), 'hose' or 'breeches'. Cotgrave derives from 'Gascon', calling them 'gascony hose'. The form galligaskins would mean French gascony hose. Professor Skeat, however, takes 'gaskins' as short for 'gallogaskins', which he regards as a corruption of '*garguesques*' (for *greguesques*) 'Greek'.

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geck (v. 1. 331), 'dupe'. A. S. *geac*, 'cuckoo', cf. 'gowk'.

gin (ii. 5. 76), 'trap'; properly 'contrivance' requiring cleverness of construction. From Lat. *ingenium*, 'capacity'.

Greek (iv. 1. 15), 'roysterer'; the Greeks being proverbially addicted to merry-making.

grize (iii. 1. 113), 'step'. Der. Lat. *gradus*, 'step'.

gust (i. 3. 28), 'liking', 'taste'. Ital. *gusto*, Lat. *gustare*, 'to taste'.

haggard (iii. 1. 53), 'untrained hawk'.

havoc (v. 1. 194), 'destruction'. Der. probably O.E. *hafoc*, 'hawk'; to 'cry havoc' meaning first to loose the falcon on the quarry; hence 'to havoc' is to 'rend', 'ravage'; and 'havoc' becomes 'rending'.

hob, nob (ii. 4. 362), equivalent to 'give or take'; 'have or not have' literally; conveying the notion of defiance without parley. The modern use of the word, implying comradeship and liquor, may be attributed to the notion of challenging to drink.

honesty (ii. 3. 80), 'regularity', 'propriety'. Lat. *honestus*, 'honourable'; so 'respectable'.

hull (i. 5. 188), 'anchor'; properly, 'lie with sails furled'.

humour (i. 4. 4), 'fickleness'. A 'humorous' person was one whose 'humours' were not properly tempered, *i.e.* not mixed in due proportion, and who was consequently given to changing moods. According to the old medicine, the individual was made up of four 'humours' corresponding to the four elements, viz., blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy; and the man's health and temper depended on their proper admixture.

importance (v. 1. 351), 'importunity'. See note.

incardinate (v. 1. 174). Sir Andrew's blunder for 'incarnate'.

jade (ii. 5. 147), either 'make a jade of me' (jade having the sense of a worn-out horse), or 'behave like a jade to me' (jade having the sense of a vicious horse). See note.

jealousy (iii. 3. 8), 'doubt', 'distrust'. Jealous is the same word as zealous; but since a zealous lover is supposed to be given to doubt and distrust, suspiciousness came to be the leading idea associated with the adjective in that connection; hence 'jealous' came to mean 'suspicious'.

jet (ii. 5. 28), 'struts'. Der. Fr. *jeter*, Lat. *jactare*, 'throw about'.

jump (ii. 5. 259), 'agree'. See note.

kickshawses (i. 3. 102), 'trifles'. Fr. *quelque chose*.

knave (ii. 3. 59, &c.), 'rogue'. Properly 'boy' or 'servant'; but the meaning degenerated, as with 'varlet', from 'valet'; cf. 'coystrill', *supra*. Der. O.E. *cnafa*, Ger. *knabe*. The word, however, appears to have been of Celtic origin, and adopted by the German races from the Celtic captives, who were employed as slaves.

lapsed (iii. 3. 36), 'taken off guard', 'caught tripping'; from Lat. *labor*, *lapsus*, 'slip'.

leasing (i. 5. 39), 'lying'.

lets (v. 1. 241), 'prevents'. First, 'let'='allow', 'let alone'. Hence 'late'=(α) 'neglected', then (β) 'slow': hence 'let'='make late', 'hinder'.

lief (iii. 2. 27). 'I had as lief' ='I should like as much'; from 'lief'=dear, Ger. *lieben*, 'to love'.

list (iii. 1. 65), 'goal', 'limit'; properly, the 'fringe' or 'border' of a piece of cloth (Scand). *Lists* for a tournament appears to have

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a different origin, Low Lat. *liciae*, 'barriers'.

malapert (iv. 1. 38), 'saucy'. Fr. *mal, appert*, 'ready'.

maugre (iii. 1. 141), 'in spite of'. Fr. *mal gré*, 'ill-pleasing', Lat. *male gratum*.

mellow (i. 2. 43). If the text is preserved, 'mellow' here is a verb='make ripe'. There are several examples in Shakespeare.

metal (ii. 5. 12), see note. 'Metal' and 'mettle' are the same word, but the latter form came to be applied to the metaphorical use of the term for 'character'. Lat. *metallum*, Gr. *μέταλλον*, 'a mine'.

minion (v. 1. 119), 'favourite'. Fr. *mignon*, 'pet', Ital. *mignone*.

minx (iii. 4. 111), 'a pert woman'. Probably, according to Professor Skeat, a corruption of *minikin*, dim. of Dutch *minne*, 'love'.

misprision (i. 5. 49), properly 'misunderstanding', 'mistaking'. Fr. *méprise*. As a legal term, 'misprision' of treason or felony meant knowledge coupled with concealment of crime.

motion (ii. 4. 17), 'emotion'.

Myrmidon (ii. 3. 26). Used by Feste merely as a high-sounding name. The Myrmidons were properly the followers of Achilles at the siege of Troy.

nayword (ii. 3. 123), a 'bye-word'; elsewhere a 'pass-word'. How the term came to have either meaning is obscure.

niggardly (ii. 5. 4), 'miserly'. Der. probably Scandinavian.

'od's (v. 1. 176), God's.

opposite (ii. 5. 134), 'surly', 'adverse'; (iii. 2. 68), 'adversary'.

orchard (iii. 4. 161). O.E. *wyrt*, M.E. *wort*, 'plant'; and *yard*.

othergates (v. 1. 185), 'otherwise', 'another way'. *Gate*=way is familiar in the north.

owe (i. 5. 292), 'own'. The words are the same. See note.

pass upon (iii. 1. 38), explained by (v. 360)='pass a jest on', analogous to 'palm off upon'; seeming rather to be derived from the tricks of a conjuror. It has also been taken as='fence' (with words), a thrust in fencing being termed a 'pass', *e.g.* at iii. 4. 252.

passage (iii. 2. 63), 'imposition'. Cf. the use of 'pass upon'='trick', *supra*.

passion (*passim*), 'violent emotion'; most commonly of 'love', but often of 'anger'.

passy measures pavin (v. 1. 206), probably for '*passo-mezzo panym*' (pagan) or '*pavin*' (peacock, from Lat. *pavo*). See note.

patch (i. 5. 42). Feste plays on the word 'patch'='fool', from jesters wearing particoloured garments, and 'patch'='mend'.

pedant (iii. 2. 65), 'schoolmaster'. Ital. *pedante*; probably formed by a confusion between the *ped-* in pedagogue (Gr. *παιδαγωγεῖν*, *παιδεύειν*, teach), and *pes*, 'foot', giving the idea of a tramp, a 'poor scholar', a common class in the middle ages.

peevish (i. 5. 282), 'froward'; properly of a wayward, fretful child. The word is onomatopoeic, *i.e.* it imitates the sound of a cross child's voice.

perdy (iv. 2. 72)=*par Dieu*.

perpend (v. 1. 289), 'weigh'. Lat. *pendere*, weigh. Used by Shakespeare with bombastic intention. See note.

perspective (v. 1. 209). Reflecting glasses, so arranged that when looked at from one point of view a complete picture was seen; from any other, a number of distorted pictures. See note. Der. Lat. *perspicere*, 'to look through'.

pia mater (i. 5. 105), 'brain'.

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Properly, the membrane that covers the brain.

pitch (i. 1. 12), a technical term for the flight of a falcon, serving as a measure of its merits. So = 'capacity'.

point-devise (ii. 5. 145), 'precisely', 'punctiliously'. See note.

points (i. 5. 20), 'laces' by which hose were fastened up. Properly, of the metal tips. See note.

policy, politician. Used rather in the more or less uncomplimentary sense in which we use 'diplomacy' and 'diplomatist' on the theory that policy does *not* agree with honesty. But the gradations between the best sense 'affairs of state, statesman', and the worst, 'trickery, trickster', must be decided according to the context.

possess (ii. 3. 126), 'inform', 'put in full possession of the facts'.

post (i. 5. 266), 'messenger'. Properly, regular stations on the roads; then the messengers whose business it was to go from one post to the next; then messenger generally. Low Lat. *posta*, Lat. *positum*.

praise (i. 5. 231), for 'appraise', 'reckon up'. Lat. *pretium*, 'price'.

pranks (ii. 4. 86), 'decks'; but without the half-contemptuous suggestion of the word in its modern use. Connected with 'prick'.

presently (iii. 1. 180; v. 1. 176), 'instantly'. So generally in Shakespeare. Softened since to 'bye and bye'. Cf. **anon**, *supra*.

prevent (iii. 1. 72), 'anticipate'. This, like the common modern sense, is derived from the primary sense of 'go before'; from Lat. *prae*, 'before', *venire*, 'to come'.

proof (iii. 1. 113), 'matter of experience', *i.e.* 'a thing proved'; not (as commonly) the 'means of proving'.

proper (iii. 1. 122), 'handsome', (v. 327), 'own'; from the two senses of Lat. *proprium*, 'suitable', and 'own'.

propertied (iv. 2. 87), 'made a chattel of'.

quaff (i. 3. 13), 'drink'. The 'ff' has been substituted for the guttural, found in Scotch *quaich*, 'cup'.

quick (i. 1. 9), 'active'; from the primary sense of 'alive', found in 'the quick and the dead', 'the earth opened and swallowed them up quick'. A.S. *cwic*; from the same root found in Lat. *vivus*, 'living'.

quirk (iii. 4. 224), 'temper', 'turn of mind': from Celtic root meaning 'turn'.

rascal (i. 5. 77), 'worthless fellow'; transferred from its technical sense of a 'lean deer'. Cf. 'jade', as a term of abuse transferred from its proper sense of a horse in bad condition.

receiving (iii. 1. 109), 'capacity', 'understanding'.

recover (ii. 3. 168), 'gain'. Properly, to 'get back', or 'get back to', but in Shakespeare often simply to 'gain' or 'reach'.

renegado (iii. 2. 61), 'apostate', 'one who denies the faith he has held'. Lat. *re-*, *negare*, 'deny'.

revels (i. 3. 190), 'merry-making'; properly, by night. Fr. *reveiller*, 'wake', 'be awake'.

round (ii. 3. 86), 'plain-spoken'; perhaps from the notion of thoroughness and completeness, the sphere being symbolic of perfection.

rubious (i. 4. 31), 'red' like a ruby. The word does not occur elsewhere.

rudesby (iv. 1. 45), 'rude fellow'.

sack (ii. 3. 173), wine prepared from dried grapes (not 'dry' wine in the modern sense). Fr. *sec*, Sp. *secco*, 'dry'.

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sad (iii. 4. 5), 'sober'; so often without the sense of 'sorrowful'. Der. *sated*, so 'heavy'.

scathful (v. 1. 50), 'harmful'.

schedules (i. 5. 227), 'lists', 'inventories'; from the sense 'scroll', Lat. *schedula*, a strip of paper; so spelt perhaps because borrowed from Greece, and derived from σχίζειν, 'to cleave'; but there may have been a form *scidula*, from root *scid*, of *scindere*, 'to cut'.

semblative (i. 4. 33), 'like', 'resembling'. Shakespeare coined the word. Fr. *sembler*, 'seem'.

shent (iv. 2. 98), 'reproved'. A.S. *scendan*, 'put to shame'.

shrew, shrewd, shrewish, beshrew. The 'shrew mouse' being credited with a vicious temper, the name was applied to a sharp-tempered woman. So 'shrewish' is 'ill-tempered', 'shrewd'='sharp', 'cutting', and hence 'clever'; 'beshrew' is to 'call shrew', 'abuse'.

singularity (ii. 5. 135), 'aloofness'. The passage means 'act as one apart, a superior'.

skills (v. 1. 279), 'matters'. Scan. *skill* is properly 'discernment', 'power of distinguishing', 'differentiating'. Hence *skill*='make a difference'.

skipping (i. 5. 185), 'foolish', 'flighty'.

'slid, 'slight, &c. For 'God's lid', 'God's light'; a common form of swearing, of which the latest survival was zounds='God's wounds'.

slough (ii. 5. 133), 'apparel', metaphorically; from the slough of a snake, *i.e.* its cast skin.

sneck up (ii. 3. 85), 'go hang'.

sooth (ii. 4. 46), 'truth'.

Sophy (ii. 5. 162). The Shah of Persia. The name is taken from the Safavi dynasty, which ruled from 1500 till supplanted by Nadir Shah in the 18th century.

sowter (ii. 5. 113), 'bungler', as if a name for a badly trained hound. Properly 'sowter'='cobbler' (cf. 'botcher', *supra*), and so 'bungler'. The term in the proper sense survives in the north. Der. Fr. *savatier*.

spleen (iii. 2. 59), 'a violent fit of laughter'; the spleen being regarded as the seat of strong emotions, but less often of mirth than of melancholy.

squash (i. 5. 146), 'an unripe peas-cod'.

staniel (ii. 5. 105), 'kestrel'.

stock (i. 3. 119), 'stocking'.

stoup (ii. 3. 12), 'cup', of no definite measure.

stout (ii. 5. 152), 'surly'.

stuck (iii. 4. 253), a fencing term. Ital. *stoccata*, from *stocco*, a short sword.

suit, lit. 'following'; with verb 'sue', 'pursue'. Der. Lat. *sequi, secutus*, 'follow'. Fr. *suivre*.

swabber (i. 5. 188), 'cabin-boy', applied by Viola to Maria. From the 'swab' or 'mop' used in cleaning decks.

swarths (ii. 3. 135), 'swathes', 'bundles'. Properly, of the bundle of hay formed by one stroke of the scythe.

syllogism (i. 5. 44), a term in logic for a particular form of demonstration, consisting of three statements, of which, if the first two are true, the third must be true also.

tabor (iii. 1. 2), a 'drum'. An Arabic word (*tabl*), whence also tambour, tambourine, timbrel.

taffeta (ii. 4. 74), 'silk'. Der. Per. *táftah*.

take up (iii. 4. 267), 'make up' a quarrel, not 'take it on oneself', as we use the phrase.

tall (i. 3. 18), 'valiant', 'sturdy'.

Tartar (ii. 5. 183), 'Tartarus',

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the abode of the wicked in the nether world, in Greek mythology.

taste (ii. 4. 267), 'make trial of'.

testril (ii. 3. 32), 'sixpence'. Corruption of Fr. *teston*, a small coin, so named from the 'head' (tête) stamped on one side.

trade (iii. 2. 83), 'business', like 'commerce', q.v.

tray-trip (ii. 5. 171), a game played with dice; so called from the importance of throwing the 'trey' or 'three'. See note.

trice (iv. 2. 116), 'instant', 'a fraction of a moment'; literally one-third.

troth (i. 3. 5), 'faith'.

tuck (iii. 4. 205), 'sword'. Fr. *estoc*, Ital. *stucco*. Cf. 'stuck', *supra*.

uncurrent (iii. 3. 16), 'not current', coin not accepted as legal tender. Cf. 'currency'. Lat. *currere*, 'run'.

undertaker (iii. 4. 292), 'agent', 'one who undertakes business for another'.

unhatched (iii. 4. 215), 'unhacked'; a rapier that has done no fighting. Cf. 'hatchet', a hacking instrument.

unkind (iii. 4. 342), 'unnatural', 'wanting in natural feeling'. So *kind* is properly 'natural'. Allied to 'kin'.

unprizable (v. 1. 49). Either (1) 'not worth taking' (Fr. *pris*, taken); or (2) 'not liable to capture'; or (3) 'above price' (Lat. *pretium*). See note.

validity (i. 1. 12), 'value'

vice (iv. 2. 117), a character in the old 'morality' plays, who survives in the harlequin of modern pantomime. See note.

villain (ii. 5. 11), 'rogue'. Properly a 'serf', 'bondman'; from Low Lat. *villanus*, 'farm servant'. For the degeneration, cf. 'knave', *supra*.

viol-de-gamboys (i. 3. 23), 'violoncello'; so called because held between the legs. Ital. *gamba*, 'thigh'.

welkin (ii. 3. 54), 'sky'. Ger. *wölken*, 'clouds'.

wit (i. 2. 61), 'wisdom', 'intelligence'; not 'wittiness'. A. S. *witan*, 'to know'.

withal. An intensive form of 'with'. (1)='with', preposition; (2)='therewith'; (3) conjunction ='besides'.

yare (iii. 4. 205), 'smart'. A.S. *gearu*, 'ready'.

zany (i. 5. 82), 'buffoon'. Ital. *zane*, 'Jack', an abbreviation of *Giovanni*=John.

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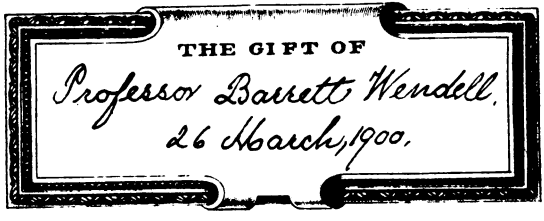

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